

THE
Coffee-House *Politician*;
OR, THE
JUSTICE
Caught in his own TRAP.

A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
Theatre Royal in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

Written by Mr. *FIELDING*.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WATTS, at the Printing-Office in
Wild-Court near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

M D C C X X X .

Price One Shilling and Six Pence.

Coast-House Politics

O R T H O

JUSTICE

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PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *MILWARD*.

I*N ancient Greece, the Infant Muse's School,
Where Vice first felt the Pen of Ridicule,
With honest Freedom and impartial Blows
The Muse attack'd each Vice as it arose:
No Grandeur could the Mighty Villain screen
From the just Satyr of the Comick Scene:
No Titles could the daring Poet cool,
Nor save the great Right Honourable Fool.
They spar'd not even the Aggressor's Name,
And Publick Villany felt Publick Shame.*

*Long hath this gen'rous Method been disus'd,
For Vice hath grown too great to be abus'd;
By Pow'r, defended from the Piercing Dart,
It reigns, and triumphs in the Lordly Heart;
While Beaux, and Cits, and Squires, our Scenes afford,
Justice preserves the Rogues who wield her Sword;
All Satyr against her Tribunal's quash'd,
Nor lash the Bards, for fear of being lash'd.*

*But the Heroick Muse who sings To-night,
Through these neglected Tracks attempts her Flight:
Vice, cloath'd with Pow'r, she combats with her Pen,
And fearless, dares the Lyon in his Den.*

*Then only Reverence to Pow'r is due,
When Publick Welfare is its only View:*

PROLOGUE

*But when the Champions, whom the Publick arm
For their own Good with Pow'r, attempt their Harm,
He sure must meet the general Applause,
Who 'gainst those Traytors fights the Publick Cause.*

*And while these Scenes the conscious Knave displease,
Who feels within the Criminal he sees,
The Uncorrupt and Good must smile, to find
No Mark for Satyr in his Generous Mind.*



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. YOUNGER.

A T length the dreadful Hurricane is ended,
And I and Spouse are safe together landed.
For after all this mighty Fuss about it,
Our Play hath ended modestly without it.
But, Ladies, did not you too sympathize?
Hey! pray, confess, do all your Frowns arise
Because so much of Rape and Rape we bawl?
Or is it, that we have no Rape at all?

Indeed, our Poet, to oblige the Age,
Had brought a dreadful Scene upon the Stage:
But I, perceiving what his Muse would drive at,
Told him the Ladies never would connive at
A downright actual Rape — unless in private.

But notwithstanding what these Poets tell us,
Who'd think our Beaus were such high-mettled Fellows?

Oh! may our Youth whose Vigour is so parlous,
To Italy be wasted with Don Carlos;
There should one Victory but give them Scope,
They would not leave one Maidenhead for the Pope;
Or should some new Pope Joan the Chair possess,
They'd play the Devil with her — Holiness.
No Nunnery one Virgin should enclose,
But New Rome fall, by what the Old arose.

'Twas

EPILOGUE.

'Twas a strange Doctrine that Lucretia taught,
Who on her self reveng'd her Lover's Fault!
Heathenish Wretch! The Pious Christian Wife,
Tho' ravish'd, still contents herself with Life:
So zealous from Self-Murder we refrain,
We live, tho' sure of ravishing again.

But may no Fears of such a Fate affright
The beauteous kind Spectators of To-night;
Safe to your Husbands Arms may you escape,
And never know that dreadful thing, a RAPE.



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November 27, 1730. *Just Publish'd, with a Curious Frontispiece
Design'd by Mr. John Vanderbank, and Ingrav'd by Mr. Gerard
Vandergucht,*

The FIFTH EDITION of

* * * **LETTERS of ABELARD and HELOISE.** To which is prefix'd a
particular Account of their Lives, Amours, and Misfortunes, extracted chiefly
from Monsieur BAYLE. Translated from the French, by the late JOHN
HUGHES, Esq; Printed for John Watts, at the Printing-Office in Wild-
Court; and Sold by the Booksellers both of Town and Country.

November 27, 1730. *Just Publish'd, wherein are a great Variety
of New Tunes by the most Eminent Masters, (and compleats this
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* * * **The MUSICAL MISCELLANY,** Being a Collection
of CHOICE SONGS and LYRICK POEMS: With the BASSES
to each TUNE, and Transpos'd for the FLUTE.

Behold and listen, while the Fair
Breaks in sweet Sounds the yielding Air;
And with her own Breath fans the Fire,
Which her bright Eyes did first inspire.

WATTS.

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Inn Fields, and Sold by the Booksellers both of Town and Country. Of whom
may be had the **FIRST FOUR VOLUMES.**

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The TEMPLE BEAU. A Comedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre in
Goodman's-Fields. Written by Mr. Fielding.

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Theatre-Royal, by His Majesty's Servants. Written by Mr. Fielding.

The AUTHOR'S FARCE; and The PLEASURES of the TOWN.
As Acted at the Theatre in the Hay-Market.

**The COFFEE-HOUSE POLITICIAN; or, the JUSTICE caught in his
own TRAP.** As it is Acted at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Written
by Mr. Fielding.

The FAIR CIRCASSIAN, a Dramatick Performance. Done from
the Original by a Gentleman-Commoner of Oxford. To which are added
several Occasional Poems, by the same Author,

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Worthy,
Squeezum,
Politick,
Ramble,
Constant,
Sotmore,
Dabble,
Quill,
Staff,
Porer,
Faithful,

Mr. Milward.
Mr. Hippisley.
Mr. Bobeme.
Mr. Walker.
Mr. Chapman.
Mr. Hulett.
Mr. Ray.
Mr. H. Bullock.
Mr. Hall.
Mr. Maclean.
Mr. Houghton.

WOMEN.

Hilaret,
Isabella,
Mrs. Squeezum,
Mrs. Staff,
Cloris,

Mrs. Bobeme.
Mrs. Templer.
Mrs. Bullock.
Mrs. Kilby.
Mrs. Stevens.

Evidences, Watch, &c.

SCENE LONDON.



RAPE *upon* RAPE;

O R,

The JUSTICE *caught in his own* TRAP.

ACT I SCENE I.

SCENE *A Parlour in Politick's House. A Table spread with News-Papers. Chairs.*

Hilaret, Cloris.

HILARET.



WELL, *Cloris*, this is a mad Frolick. I am horridly frightened at the Thoughts of throwing my self into the Power of a young Fellow.

Clo. It is natural to us to be frightened at first: I was in a little Terror my self on my Wedding-Day, but it went all off before the next Morning; a Husband, like other Bugbears, loses all his Horror when we once know him thoroughly.

Hil. But if he should not prove a good Husband —

Clo. Then you must not prove a good Wife —
If he keeps a Mistress, do you keep a Gallant; if he
B stay

stay out with his Friends at a Tavern, do you be merry with your Friends at home.

Hil. You give fine Advice indeed.

Clo. Upon my Word, Madam, it was such as I followed my self. I had a Rogue of a Husband that robbed me of all I had, and kept a Mistress under my Nose: but I was even with him: for it hath been ever my Opinion that a Husband, like a Courtier, who is above doing the Duties of his Office, should keep a Deputy.

Hil. But suppose you had been in Love with your Husband?

Clo. Why so I was, Madam, as long as he deserved it: but Love, like Fire, naturally goes out when it hath nothing to feed on.

Hil. Well, if it be possible to be assured of a Lover's Sincerity, I think I may be assured of *Constant*: at least it is adviseable to persuade my self of his Truth whom I should Love, tho' he wanted it: — Ah, *Cloris*? you may as easily remove a Rock as a Woman's Passion —

Clo. And yet it is very often built on a sandy Foundation.

Hil. Love is the same, whatever be its Object: We as often like Men for imaginary as real Perfections; we all look through a Prismatick Glass in Love, and whatever Beauties we have once fancied, we never lose the Opinion of — our Amorous Faith is as implicit as our Religious.

Clo. If I have any Judgment in Mankind, and I am sure I have had some Experience in them, your Passion could have been no where better fixed: Capt. *Constant* hath all the Qualities any Woman can desire. He hath Youth, Beauty, Vigour, Gallantry, Constancy, and as Mr. Cowley says, a long &c.

SCENE II. Politick, Hilarer, Cloris.

Pol. Ay there it goes, tick tack, tick tack, like the Pendulum of a Clock. What Mischief are you hatching,

The JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP. 3

ing, hey? — It is impossible that two Women should be together without producing Mischief.

Clo. I always thought a Man and Woman the more likely to produce Mischief: and yet I think them the properer Company.

Pol. I suppose you will tell my Daughter so too.

Hil. Indeed Papa she need not: for I was always of that Opinion.

Pol. You was! but I shall prevent your Wishes —

Hil. You may be mistaken. [*Aside.*

Pol. I do not believe the Head of Cardinal *Fleury* can be more perplexed, than mine is with this Girl. To govern your self, is greater than to govern a Kingdom, said an old Philosopher; and to govern a Woman is greater than to govern twenty Kingdoms.

Hil. I wish you would not perplex your self with Cardinals or Kingdoms, I wish you would mind your own Business, instead of the Publick's; dear Papa, don't give your self any more trouble about *Don Carlos*, unless you can get him for a Son-in-Law.

Pol. Not if I were a King. I will make you a little sensible who *Don Carlos* is. —

Hil. Nay, I do not understand one Word of your Politicks.

Pol. I am sorry you do not — A News-Paper would be a more profitable Entertainment for you than a Romance. You would find more in one half Sheet, than in the grand *Cyrus*.

Hil. More Lies very probably — You know I do read the Home Paragraphs in the *Whitehall Evening Post*: and that's the best of them.

Pol. If you would be informed in these Matters, you must read all that come out: about forty every Day, and some Days fifty: and of a *Saturday* about fourscore. Would you continue in such a Course but one Twelvemonth, I do not question but you might know as much of Politicks as — any Man that comes to our Coffee-house. And I had rather see you a Politician, than a Woman of Quality.

Hil. If I may speak freely, it would have been better for me that you had been less a Politician.

Pol. You are deceived, very much deceived: but some Fool hath put this into your Head. You may live to see me one of the greatest Men in *England*. Did I not say at the Siege of *Gibraltar*, that within one three Years, we should see whether we should have Peace or no. And yet I am an *Ignoramus*; I know nothing I warrant you: I had better have continued a Merchant no doubt: but then what had become of my Projects? where had been all those twenty different Schemes which I have now ready to lay before the Parliament, greatly for my own Honour and the Interest of my Country? Harkye, I have contrived a Method to pay off the Debts of the Nation, without a Penny of Money.

Hil. And you will not get a Penny by it, I dare swear.

Pol. No, no, no certainly: tho' I would not take twenty thousand Pounds for the Advantage which will arise to me from it. It hath lain these three Years in a Friend's Hands of mine of the House of Commons, who assured me not many Days ago that it should be taken shortly into Consideration, tho' he believed it could not be this Session.

Hil. Nor this Age, I am confident. [*Aside.*

Pol. And how do you think it is to be compassed? why, by procuring a Machine to carry Ships by Land about a hundred Miles: and so prosecute the *East-India Trade*, thro' the *Mediterranean*.

Hil. I wish you Success, Sir: but I must take my leave of you, for it grows very late: so good-Night, Papa. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Politick Solus.

I cannot rest for these Preparations of the *Turks*: what can be their Design! — It must be against the Emperor. — Ay, ay, we shall have another Campaign in *Hungary*. I wish we may feel no other Effect

The JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP. 5

effect from them — should the *Turkish* Gallies once find a Passage through the *Straights*, who can tell the Consequence. I hope I shall not live to see that Day.

SCENE IV. Politick, Dabble.

Dab. We are all undone, Neighbour *Politick*! all blown up! all ruined!

Pol. Protect us — what is the Matter? No News of the *Turks*, I hope!

Dab. An Express is arrived with an Account of the *Dauphin's* Death.

Pol. Worse and worse — this is a finishing Stroke indeed! Mr. *Dabble*, I take this Visit exceeding kind — pray be pleased to sit: we must confabulate on this Important Accident. — Pray light your Pipe — I wish this may not retard the Introduction of *Don Carlos* into *Italy*.

Dab. I wish it may.

Pol. How!

Dab. I wish *Don Carlos* do not prove a more formidable Power than is imagined.

Pol. *Don Carlos* a formidable Power, Mr. *Dabble*?

Dab. I wish we do not find him so.

Pol. Sir, I look on *Don Carlos* to be an errant Blank in the Affairs of *Europe* — and let me observe to you, the *Turks* give me much greater Uneasiness than *Don Carlos* can: What the design of their Preparations can be, is difficult to determine — this I know, that I know nothing of the matter.

Dab. I think we have no need to travel so far for Apprehensions, when Danger is so near us: the Prospect of Affairs in the *West* is so black, that I see no Reason to regard the *East*: the monstrous Power which *Don Carlos* may be possessed of by the Death of the *Dauphin* —

Pol. Rather, the monstrous Power which the Emperor may be possessed of.

Dab. The Emperor — ah! — } Both shake their

Pol. *Don Carlos* truly. } Heads at one another.

B 3

Dab.

6 **RAPE UPON RAPE; Or,**

Dab. I would fain ask one Question, Mr. *Politick*. Pray how large do you take *Tuscany* to be? —

Pol. How large do I take *Tuscany* to be — let me see — *Tuscany*, ay; how large do I take it to be — hum — *Faithful*! — bring some more Tobacco. How large do I take it to be — why truly I take it to be about as large as the Kingdom of *France* — or something larger. —

Dab. As large as the Kingdom of *France* — you might as well compare this Tobacco-Pipe to a Cannon. Why *Tuscany*, Sir, is only a Town, a Garrison to be admitted into *Tuscany*; that is, into the Town of *Tuscany* —

Pol. Sir, I will convince you of your Error — here, *Faithful*, bring a Map of *Europe* hither —

Dab. I did not think, Mr. *Politick*, you had been so ignorant in Geography.

Pol. Sir, I believe I know as much as you, or any one, of it.

SCENE V. Politick, Dabble, Faithful.

Faith Sir, Sir, your Daughter is gone out of the House, no one knows whither.

Pol. And give me leave to tell you, Sir, I wish your own Ignorance in publick Affairs doth not appear to our Cost.

Dab. Sir, I wish you would send for the Map.

Pol. Map me no Maps, Sir, my Head is a Map, a Map of the whole World. —

Faith. Sir, your Daughter —

Dab. If your Head be a Map, it is a very erroneous one.

Pol. Sir, I would not have called *Tuscany* a Town in a Coffee-House, to have been Master of it.

Dab. Nor I have compared it to *France*, to have been King of both.

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Politick, Dabble, Faithful, Porer.*

Por. Great News, Gentlemen, all's safe again.

Pol. More Deaths?

Por. An Express is arrived with a certain Account of the *Dauphin's* being in good Health.

Dab. This is good News indeed.

Pol. Is there a certain Confirmation?

Por. Very certain—I came this moment from the Secretary's Office.

Pol. Dear Mr. *Porer*, you are the welcomest Man alive—This News makes me the happiest Creature living.

Faith. I wish, Sir, my News may not prevent it—Your Daughter, Sir, Miss *Hilaret*, is gone out of the House, and no one knows whither.

Pol. My Daughter gone! that is some allay to my Happiness, I confess: but the Loss of twenty Daughters would not balance the Recovery of the *Dauphin*.—However, Gentlemen, you will excuse me, I must go enquire into this Affair.

Dab. Be not concerned at any thing, after what you have heard: let the Private give way to the Publick ever.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The Street. Sotmore, Ramble.*

Sotm. Why, thou wilt not leave us yet, and sneak away to some nasty little Whore? A Pox confound them, they have spoiled so many of my Companions, and forced me to Bed sober at three-a-Clock in the Morning so often—that if the whole Sex were going to the Devil, I would drink a Bumper to their good Journey.

Ram. And I would go thither along with them. The dear charming Creatures! Woman! It is the best Word that ever was invented. There's Musick, there's Magick in it. *Mark Anthony* knew well to lay out his Money, and when he gave the World for a Woman—he bought a lumping Pennyworth.

Sot. If he had given it for a Hogshead of good Claret, I would have commended the Purchase more.

Ramb. Wine is only the Prologue to Love: it only serves to raise our Expectation. The Bottle is but a Passport to the Bed of Pleasure. Brutes drink to quench their Appetites — but Lovers to enflame them.

Sot. 'Tis Pity the generous Liquor should be used to no better a Purpose.

Ramb. It is the noblest use of the Grape, and the greatest Glory of *Bacchus* is to be Page to *Venus*.

Sot. Before I go into a Tavern again with a Man who will sneak away after the first Bottle, may I be cursed with the odious sight of a Pint as long as I live: or become Member of a City-Club where Men drink out of Thimbles, that the Fancy may be heightened by the Wine, about the same time that the Understanding is improved by the Conversation: I'll sooner drink Coffee with a Politician, Tea with a fine Lady, or 'Rack Punch with a fine Gentleman, than thus be made a Whetstone of, to sharpen my Friends Inclinations, that some little Strumpet may enjoy the Benefit of that good Humour which I have raised.

Ramb. Why, thou art as ill-natured and as angry as a Woman would be, who was disappointed in the last Moment, when her Expectations were at the highest.

Sot. And have I not the same Cause?

Ramb. Truly, honest *No!* when a Man's Reason begins to stagger, I think him the properest Company for the Women: One Bottle more, and I had been fit for no Company at all.

Sot. Then thou hadst been carried off with Glory.— An honest Fellow should no more quit the Tavern while he can stand, than a Soldier should the Field; but you fine Gentlemen are for preserving your selves safe from both, for the Benefit of the Ladies. —

'Sdeath! I'll use you with the same Scorn that a Soldier would a Coward: So, Sir, when I meet you next, be not surprized if I walk on the other side the way.

Ramb. Nay, pr'ythee, dear *Silenus*, be not so enraged; I'll but take one refreshing turn, and come back

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The JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP. 9

back to the Tavern to thee. *Burgundy* shall be the Word, and I will fight under thy Command till I drop.

Sot. Now thou art an honest Fellow — and thou shalt Toast whomsoever thou pleasest. — We'll bumper up her Health, till thou dost enjoy her in Imagination. To a warm Imagination there is no Bawd like a Bottle. It shall throw into your Arms, the soberest Prude or wildest Coquet in Town; thou shalt rifle her Charms, in spite of her Art. Nay, thou shalt encrease her Charms more than her Art: and when thou art surfeited with the luscious Pleasure, wake coolly the next Morning, without any Wife by your side, or any fear of Children.

Ramb. What a luscious Picture hast thou drawn!

Sot. And thou shalt have it, Boy! thou shalt triumph over her Virtue, if she be a Woman of Quality — or raise her Blushes, if she be a common Strumpet. I'll go order a new Recruit upon the Table, and expect you with Impatience — *Fill every Glass.* [*Sings.*
[*Exit Sotmore.*

SCENE VIII. *Ramble solus.*

Ramb. Sure, this Fellow's whole Sensation lies in his Throat: for he is never pleased but when he is swallowing: And yet the Hoghead will be as soon drunk with the Liquor it contains, as he. I wish it had no other Effect upon me. Pox of my Paper Scull! I have no sooner buried the Wine in my Belly, than its Spirit rises in my Head — I am in a very proper Humour for a Frolick; If my good Genius, and her evil one would but send some lovely Female in my way — Ha! the Devil hath heard my Prayers.

SCENE IX. *Ramble, Hilaret.*

Hil. Was ever any thing so unfortunate! to lose this Wench in the Scuffle, and not know a step of the Way — What shall I do?

Ramb.

Ramb. By all my love of Glory, an Adventure.

Hil. Ha! who's that? who are you, Sir?

Ramb. A Cavalier, Madam, a Knight-Errant rambling about the World in quest of Adventures. To plunder Widows, and ravish Virgins; to lessen the Number of Bullies, and encrease that of Cuckolds, are the Obligations of my Profession.

Hil. I wish you all the Success so worthy an Adventurer deserves.

Ramb. But hold, Madam, I am but just sallied, and you are the first Adventure I have met with. [Going.]

Hil. Let me go I beseech you, Sir, I will have nothing to say to any of your Profession. [Takes hold of her.]

Ramb. That's unkind, Madam: for as I take it, our Professions are pretty nearly allied, and like Priest and Nun, we are proper Company for one another.

Hil. My Profession, Sir!

Ramb. Yes, Madam, I believe I am no Stranger to the honourable Rules of your Order. Nay, 'tis probable I may know your Abbess too; for tho' I have not been in Town a Week, I am acquainted with half a Dozen.

Hil. Nothing but your Drink, Sir, and Ignorance of my Quality, could excuse this Rudeness.

Ramb. (Whu ——— [whistles] Ignorance of your Quality! The Daughter of some Person of Rank, I warrant her) [Aside] Look'e, my Dear, I shall not trouble my self with your Quality: It is equal to me, whether your Father rode in a Coach and Six, or drove it — I have had as much Joy in the Arms of an honest Boatswain's Wife, as with a Relation of the Great Mogul.

Hil. You look, Sir, so much like a Gentleman, that I am persuaded this Usage proceeds only from your mistaking me. I own it looks a little odd for a Woman of Virtue to be found alone in the Street, at this Hour —

Ramb. Yes it does look a little odd indeed. [Aside.]

Hil.

The JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP. II

Hil. But when you know my Story, I am confident you will assist me, rather than otherwise. I have this very Night escaped with my Maid from my Father's House; and as I was going to put my self into the Hands of my Lover, a Scuffle happening in the Street, and both running away in a Fright to avoid it, we unluckily separated from each other — Now, Sir, I rely on the Generosity of your Temper to assist an unhappy Woman, for which you shall not only have my Thanks, but those of a very pretty Fellow into the Bargain.

Ramb. I am that very pretty Fellow's very humble Servant. But I find I am too much in Love with you my self, to preserve you for another: Had you proved what I at first took you for, I should have parted with you easily; but I read a Coronet in your Eyes: (she shall be her Grace if she pleases, I had rather give her a Title than Money) [*Aside.*]

Hil. Nay, now you mistake me as widely as you did at first.

Ramb. Nay, by this Frolick, Madam, you must be either a Woman of Quality, or a Woman of the Town — Your low mean People, who govern themselves by Rules, dare not attempt these noble Flights of Pleasure. Flights only to be reached by those who boldly soar above Reputation.

Hil. This is the maddest Fellow. [*Aside.*]

Ramb. So, my Dear, whether you be of Quality or no Quality, you and I will go drink one Bottle together at the next Tavern.

Hil. I have but one Way to get rid of him. [*Aside.*]

Ramb. Come, my dear Angel. Oh! this dear soft Hand.

Hil. Could I but be assur'd that my Virtue would be safe.

Ramb. No where safer. I'll give thee any thing in Pawn for it — (but my Watch) [*Aside.*]

Hil. And then my Reputation —

Ramb. The Night will take Care of that — Virtue and Reputation! these Whores have learnt a strange Cant since I left England. [*Aside.*]

Hil.

Hil. But will you love me always?

Ramb. Oh! for ever and ever, to be sure.

Hil. But will you — too.

Ramb. Yes, I will — too.

Hil. Will you promise to be civil?

Ramb. Oh! yes, yes; (I was afraid she would have asked me for Money.) [Aside.

Hil. Well, then I will venture — Go you to that corner Tavern, I'll follow you.

Ramb. Excuse me, Madam, I know my Duty better — so if you please, I'll follow you.

Hil. I insist on your going first.

Ramb. And so you'll leave me in the Lurch: I see you are frightened at the Roughness of my Dress; but foregad I am an honest Tar, and the Devil take me if I bilk you.

Hil. I don't understand you.

Ramb. Why then, Madam, here is a Pound of as good Tea as ever came out of the *Indies*; you understand that, I hope.

Hil. I shall take no Bribes, Sir.

Ramb. Refuse the Tea! I like you now indeed; for you cannot have been long upon the Town, I'm sure. But I grow weary with Impatience. If you are a modest Woman, and insist on the Ceremony of being carried, with all my Heart.

Hil. Nay, Sir, do not proceed to Rudeness.

Ramb. In short, my Passion will be dallied with no longer. Do you consider, I am just come on Shore, that I have seen nothing but Men and the Clouds this half Year, and a Woman is as ravishing a Sight to me as the returning Sun to *Greenland*. I am none of your pufsy Beaux, that can look on a fine Woman, like a surfeited Man on an Entertainment. My Stomach's sharp, and you are an Ortelan; and if I do not eat you up, may salt Beef be my Fare for ever.

[Takes her in his Arms.

Hil. I'll alarm the Watch.

Ramb. You'll be better natur'd than that. At least, to encounter Danger is my Profession; so have at you,
my

The JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP. 13

my little *Venus* ——— If you don't consent, Ill ravish you.

Hil. Help there! a Rape, a Rape!

Ramb. Hush, hush, you call too loud, People will think you are in earnest.

Hil. Help, a Rape! ———

SCENE X. *Ramble, Hilaret, Staff, Watch.*

Staff. That's he there, seize him.

Ramb. Stand off, ye Scoundrels!

Staff. Ay, Sir, you should have stood off ——— Do you charge this Man with a Rape, Madam?

Hil. I am frightened out of my Senses ———

Staff. A plain Case! ——— the Rape is sufficiently proved ——— what, was the Devil in you, to ravish a Woman in the Street thus?

Hil. Oh! dear Mr. Constable, all I desire is, that you would see me safe home.

Staff. Never fear, Madam, you shall not want Evidence. *[Aside to her.]*

Ramb. (Nay, if I must lodge with these Gentlemen, I am resolved to have your Company, Madam.) Mr. Constable, I charge that Lady with threatening to swear a Rape against me, and laying violent Hands upon my Person, whilst I was inoffensively walking along the Street.

Hil. How! Villain!

Ramb. Ay, ay, Madam, you shall be made a severe Example of. The Laws are come to a fine Pass truly, when a Sober Gentleman can't walk the Streets for Women.

Hil. For Heaven's sake, Sir, don't believe him.

Staff. Nay, Madam, as we have but your bare Affirmation on both Sides, we cannot tell which Way to incline our Belief; that will be determin'd in the Morning by your Characters. — I would not have you dejected, you shall not want a Character. *[Aside to her.]*

Hil. This was the most unfortunate Accident sure, that ever befel a Woman of Virtue.

Staff.

Staff. If you are a Woman of Virtue, the Gentleman will be hanged for attempting to rob you of it. If you are not a Woman of Virtue, why you will be whipped for accusing a Gentleman of robbing you of what you had not to lose.

Hil. Oh! this unfortunate Fright!—But, Mr. Constable, I am very willing that the Gentleman should have his Liberty, give me but mine.

Staff. That Request, Madam, is a very colloborating Circumstance against you.

Ramb. Guilt will ever discover it self.

Staff. Bring them along.

Watch. She looks like a modest Woman, in my Opinion.

Ramb. Confound all your modest Women, I say— a Man can have nothing to do with a modest Woman, but he must be married, or hanged for't.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Justice Squeezum's; a Table, Pen Ink, Paper, &c.*

Squeezum, Quill.

Squeez. DID Mother *Bilkum* refuse to pay my Demands, say you?

Quill. Yes, Sir, she says she does not value your Worship's Protection of a Farthing, for that she can bribe two Juries a Year to acquit her in *Hicks's-Hall*, for half the Money which she hath paid you within these three Months.

Squeez. Very fine! I shall shew her that I understand something of Juries, as well as her self. *Quill*, make a Memorandum against Mother *Bilkum's Trial*, that we may

The JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP. 15

may remember to have the Pannel N^o 3. they are a Set of good Men and true, and hearken to no Evidence but mine.

Quill. Sir, Mr. *Snap* the Bailiff's Follower hath set up a Shop, and is a Freeholder. He hopes your Worship will put him into a Pannel on the first Vacancy.

Squeez. Minute him down for N^o 2. I think half of that Pannel are Bailiffs Followers. Thank Heaven, the Laws have not excluded those Butchers —

Quill. No, Sir, the Law forbids Butchers to be Jurymen, but does not forbid Jurymen to be Butchers.

Squeez. *Quill*, d'ee hear! look out for some new Recruits for the Pannel N^o 1. We shall have a swinging Vacancy there the next Sessions. — Truly, if we do not take some care to regulate the Juries in the *Old-Baily*, we shall have no Juries for *Hicks's-Hall*.

Quill. Very true, Sir. But that Pannel hath been more particularly unfortunate. I believe I remember it hanged, at least twice over.

Squeez. Ay, poor Fellows! We must all take our Chance, *Quill*. The Man who would live in this World, must not fear the next. The Chance of Peace is doubtful as that of War, and they who will make their Fortunes at Home, should entertain no more Dread of the Bench, than a Soldier should of the Field. We are all militant here, and a Halter hath been fatal to many a great Man, as well as a Bullet.

SCENE II. *Squeezum, Quill, Staff.*

Quill. Sir, here's Mr. *Staff*, the Reforming Constable.

Staff. An't please your Worship, we have been at the Gaming-House in the Alley, and have taken Six Prisoners, whereof we discharged two who had your Worship's License.

Squeez. What are the others?

Staff. One is an Half-pay Officer, another an Attorney's

torney's Clerk; and the other two are young Gentlemen of the *Temple*.

Squeez. Discharge the Officer and the Clerk, there is nothing to be got by the Army or the Law; the one hath no Money, and the other will part with none. But be not too forward to quit the *Templers*.

Staff. Asking your Worship's Pardon, I don't care to run my Finger into the Lion's Mouth. I would not willingly have to do with any Limb of the Law.

Squeez. Fear not; these bear no nearer Affinity to Lawyers, than a Militia Regiment of Squires do to Soldiers; the one gets no more by his Gown, than the other by his Sword. These are Men that bring Estates to the *Temple*, instead of getting them there.

Staff. Nay, they are bedawb'd with Lace as fine as Lords.

Squeez. Never fear a Lawyer in Lace — the Lawyer that sets out in Lace, always ends in Rags.

Staff. I'll secure them. — We went to the House where your Worship commanded us, and heard the Dice into the Street, but there were two Coaches with Coronets on them at the Door, so we thought it proper not to go in.

Squeez. You did right. The Laws are Turnpikes, only made to stop People who walk on Foot, and not to interrupt those who drive through them in their Coaches. — The Laws are like a Game at Loo, where a Blaze of Court Cards is always secure, and the Knaves are the safest Cards in the Pack.

Staff. We have taken up a Man for a Rape too.

Squeez. What is he?

Staff. I fancy he's some great Man; for he talks *French*, sings *Italian*, and swears *English*.

Squeez. Is he rich?

Staff. I believe not, for we can't get a Farthing out of him.

Squeez. A certain Sign that he is. Deep Pockets are like deep Streams; and Money, like Water, never runs faster than in the Shallows.

Staff. Then there's another Misfortune too.

Squeez.

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The JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP. 17

Squeez. What's that?

Staff. The Woman will not swear any thing against him.

Squeez. Never fear that, I'll make her swear enough for my Purpose. What sort of a Woman is she?

Staff. A common Whore, I believe.

Squeez. The properest Person in the World to swear a Rape. A modest Woman is as shy of swearing a Rape, as a Gentleman is of swearing a Battery. — We will make her swear enough to frighten him into a Composition, a small Part of which will satisfy the Woman. So go bring them before me. — But hold! have you been at home since I sent a Prisoner thither this Morning?

Staff. Yes, an't please your Worship.

Squeez. And what says he?

Staff. He threatens us confoundedly, and says you have committed him without any Accusation. I'm afraid we shall get nothing out of him.

Squeez. We'll try him till Noon, however.

SCENE III. *Squeezum, Mrs. Squeezum.*

Mrs. Squeez. I desire, Mr. *Squeezum*, you would finish all your dirty Work this Morning, for I am resolved to have the House to my self in the Afternoon.

Squeez. You shall, my Dear, and I shall be obliged to you, if you can let me have the Coach this Morning.

Mrs. Squeez. I shall use it my self.

Squeez. Then I must get Horses put into the Chariot.

Mrs. Squeez. I am not determined whether I shall use the Coach or Chariot, so it is impossible you should have either. Besides, a Hack is the properest to do Business in, and as I cannot spare you a Servant, will look better.

Squeez. Well, Child, well, it shall be so. — Let
C me

me only beg the Favour of Dining a little sooner than ordinary.

Mrs. Squeez. That is so far from being possible, that we cannot Dine 'till an Hour later than usual, because I must attend at an Auction, or I shall lose a little *China Basin* which is worth its Weight in Jewels, and it is probable I may get it for its Weight in Gold, which will not be above One Hundred Guineas, and those you must give me, Child.

Squeez. A Hundred Guineas for a *China Basin*! Oh the Devil take the *East-India Trade*! The Clay of the one *Indies* runs away with all the Gold of the other.

Mrs. Squeez. I may buy it for less; but it is good to have rather too much Money about one, than too little.

Squeez. In short, I cannot support your Extravagance.

Mrs. Squeez. I do not desire you to support my Extravagance.

Squeez. I wish you would not.

Mrs. Squeez. Thus stands the Case: You say I am extravagant; I say, I am not; sure, my Word will ballance yours every where but at *Hicks's-Hall*. —

And heark'e, my Dear, if whenever I ask for a Trifle, you object my Extravagance to me, I'll be reveng'd, I'll blow you up, I'll discover all your midnight Intrigues, your protecting Ill Houses, your bribing Juries, your snacking Fees, your whole Train of Rogueries. If you do not allow me what I ask, I'll bid fair to enter on my Jointure, Sir.

Squeez. Well, my Dear, this Time you shall be indulged. — Trust a Thief or Lawyer with your Purse, a Whore or Physician with your Constitution, but never trust a dangerous Secret with your Wife; for when once you have put it into her Power to hang you, the sooner you are hang'd, the better. [*Aside.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV. Squeezum, Quill, *Mrs.* Squeezum, Staff, Watch, Ramble, Hilaret.

Staff. An't please your Worship, here is a Gentleman hath committed a Rape last Night on this young Woman.

Squeez. How! a Rape! Hath he committed a Rape on you, Child?

Mrs. Squeez. This may be worth hearing. [*Aside.*

Hil. Sir, I have nothing to say against him. I desire you would give us both our Liberty. He was a little frolicksome last Night, which made me call for these People's Help, and when once they had taken hold of us, they would not suffer us to go away.

Squeez. They did their Duty. — The Power of Discharging lieth in us, and not in them.

Ramb. Sir —

Squeez. Sir, I beg we may not be interrupted. Hark'e, young Woman, if this Gentleman hath treated you in an ill manner, do not let your Modesty prevent the Execution of Justice. Consider, you will be guilty your self of the next Offence he commits, and upon my Word, by his Looks, it is probable he may commit a Dozen Rapes within this Week.

Hil. Sir, I assure you he is innocent.

Squeez. Mr. *Staff*, what say you to this Affair?

Staff. May it please your Worship, I saw the Prisoner behave in a very indecent manner, and heard the Woman say he had ravished away her Senses.

Squeez. Fye upon you, Child, will you not swear this?

Hil. No, Sir; but I shall swear something against you, unless you discharge us.

Squeez. That cannot be, Madam, the Fact is too plain. If you will not swear now, the Prisoner must be kept in Custody 'till you will.

Staff. If she will not swear, we can swear enough to convict him.

Ramb. Very fine, faith! this Justice is worse than a Grand Inquisitor. Pray, honest, formidable Sir, what private Pique have you against me, that you would compel the Lady to deserve the Pillory, in order to promote me higher?

Squeez. My Dear, did you ever see such a ravishing Look as this Fellow hath! Sir, if I was a Judge I would hang you without any Evidence at all. They are such Fellows as these who sow Dissention between Man and Wife, and keep up the Names of Cuckold and Bastard in the Kingdom.

Ramb. Nay, if that be all you accuse me of, I will confess it freely, I have employ'd my Time pretty well: Tho' as I do not remember ever to have done you the Honour of Dubbing, Mr. Justice, I cannot see why you should be so incensed against me; for I do not imagine you any otherwise an Enemy to these Amusements, than a Popish Priest to Sin, or a Doctor to Dissect.

Mrs. Squeez. You are very civil, Sir, to threaten to dub my Husband before my Face.

Ramb. I ask Pardon, Madam, I did not know with whom I had the Honour to be in Company; it was always against my Inclination to affront a Lady; but a Woman of your particular Merit, must have claimed the most particular Respect.

Mrs. Squeez. I should have expected no Rudeness from a Gentleman of your Appearance, and would much rather attribute any misbecoming Word to Inadvertency, than Design.

Ramb. Madam, I know not how to thank so much Goodness; but do assure you, I would buy an Introduction to your Acquaintance at a much greater Danger than this Prosecution, which, I believe, you already see the Malice of. I hope, Madam, I stand already acquitted in your Opinion.

Mrs. Squeez. I hope, Sir, it will only appear to have been a Frolick: I must own I have been always a great Enemy to Force — since there are so many willing.

Ramb.

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The JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP. 21

Ramb. So, I find there is no danger of a Rape here.

[*Afide.*

Mrs. Squeez. Well, Child, can you find any thing against this Gentleman?

Squeez. The Woman is difficult of confessing in publick: but I fancy when I examine her in private I may get it out of her ——— So, Mr. *Constable*, withdraw your Prisoner.

Mrs. Squeez. Nay he appears so much of a Gentleman, that till there be stronger Evidence, I will take Charge of him ——— Come, Sir, you shall go drink a dish of Tea with me ——— You may stay without.

[*To the Constable, &c.*

Ramb. This Kindness of yours, Madam, will be an Encouragement to Offenders.

SCENE V. *Squeezum, Hilaret.*

Squeez. Come, come, Child, you had better take the Oath, tho' you are not altogether so sure. Justice should be rigorous. It is better for the Publick that ten Innocent People should suffer, than that one Guilty should escape; and it becomes every good Person to sacrifice their Conscience to the Benefit of the Publick.

Hil. Would you persuade me to perjure my self?

Squeez. By no means. Not for the World. Perjury indeed! do you think I do not know what Perjury is, better than you? He did attempt to Ravish you, you own; very well. He that attempts to do you an Injury, hath done it in his Heart. Besides, a Woman may be Ravished, ay and many a Woman hath been Ravished, ay and Men been hanged for it ——— when she hath not certainly known she hath been Ravished.

Hil. You are a great Casuist in Conscience. But you may spare your self any further Trouble: for I assure you it will be in vain.

Squeez. I see where your Hesitation hangs, you are afraid of spoiling your Trade — You think Severity to a Customer, will keep People from your House. ———

C 3

Pray

Pray answer me one Question — How long have you been upon the Town?

Hil. What do you mean?

Squeez. Come, come, I see you are but a Novice, and I like you the better: For yours is the only Business, wherein People do not profit by Experience — You are very handsome — It is Pity you should continue in this abandoned State — Give me a Kiss — Nay be not coy to me — I protest you are as full of Beauty as the Rose is of Sweetness, and I of Love as its Stalk is full Briars — Oh! that we were as closely joined together too.

Hil. Why you will commit a Rape your self, Mr. Justice.

Squeez. If I thought you would prove constant, I would take you into keeping: for I have not liked a Woman so much these many Years.

Hil. I will humour this old Villain, I am resolved.

[*Aside.*

Squeez. What think you, could you be constant to a vigorous, healthy, middle-aged Man, hey! — could this buy thy Affections off from a set of idle Rascals, who carry their Gold upon their Backs; and have Pockets as empty as their Heads? Fellows who are greater Curses on a Woman than the Vapours; for as those persuade her into imaginary Diseases, these present her with real. — Let thy Silence give Consent; here take this Purse as an Earnest of what I'll do for you.

Hil. Well, and what shall I do for this?

Squeez. You shall do — You shall do nothing, I will do: I will be a Verb Active, and you shall be a Verb Passive.

Hil. I wish you be not of the Neuter Gender.

Squeez. Why you little arch Rogue, do you understand Latin, Hussy?

Hil. A little, Sir! my Father was a Country Parson, and gave all his Children a good Education. He taught his Daughters to write and read himself.

Squeez. What, have you Sisters then?

Hil. Alack-a-day, Sir! sixteen of us, and all in the same way of Business.

Squeez.

The JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP. 23

Squeez. Ay, this it is to teach Daughters to write. I would as soon put a Sword into the Hand of a Madman, as a Pen into those of a Woman; for a Pen in the Hand of a Woman is as sure an Instrument of Propagation, as a Sword in that of a Madman is of Destruction [*Aside.*] — Sure, my Dear, the Spirit of Love must run very strongly in the Blood of your whole Family.

Hil. Oh, Sir! it was a villanous Man of War that harboured near us — My poor Sisters were ruined by the Officers, and I fell a Martyr to the Chaplain.

Squeez. Ay, ay, the Sailors are as fatal to our Women as the Soldiers are. One *Venus* rose from the Sea, and thousands have set in it — But not *Venus* her self could compare to thee, my little Honey-suckle.

Hil. Be not so hot, Sir.

Squeez. Bid the Touchwood be cold behind the Burning-glass. The Touchwood is not more easily kindled by the Sun, than I by your dear Eyes.

Hil. The Touchwood is not drier, I dare swear. [*Aside.*]

Squeez. But hark, I hear my Wife returning — leave word with my Clerk where I shall send to you — I will be the kindest of Keepers, very constant, and very liberal. —

Hil. Two charming Qualities in a Lover!

Squeez. My pretty Nose-gay, you will find me vastly preferable to idle young Rakehells. Besides, you are safe with me. You are as safe with a Justice in *England*, as a Priest abroad; Gravity is the best Cloak for Sin, in all Countries — Be sure to be punctual to the Time I shall appoint you.

Hil. Be not afraid of me.

Squeez. Adieu, my pretty Charmer. I shall burn with Impatience.

SCENE VI. *Squeezum solus.*

Go thy ways for a charming Girl! Now if I can get her at this wild Fellow's Expence, I shall have performed the part of a shrewd Justice, for I would make others

pay for my Sins, as well as their own. I fancy my Wife hath sufficiently frightened him by this, and that he will truckle to any Terms to be acquitted; for I must own she will pump a Man much better than I — Oh! here they come; I must deal with my Gentleman now, in another Style.

SCENE VII. Squeezum, *Mrs.* Squeezum, Ramble.

Ramb. Well, Sir, is the Lady determined to swear stoutly?

Squeez. Truly, it is hard to say what she determines; she is gone to ask the Advice of a Divine and a Lawyer.

Ramb. Then the odds is against me: for the Lawyer will certainly advise her to swear, and it is possible the Priest may not contradict her in it.

Squeez. It is indeed a ticklish Point, and it were advisable to make it up as soon as possible. The first Loss is always the least. It is better to wet your Coat than your Skin, and to run home when the Clouds begin to drop, than in the middle of the Storm. In short, it were better to give a brace of hundred Pounds to to make up the Matter now, than to venture the Consequence. I am heartily concerned, to see a Gentleman in such a Misfortune. I am sorry the Age is so corrupt. Really I expect to see some grievous and heavy Judgment fall on the Nation. We are as bad as ever *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah* were, and I wish we may not be as miserable.

Ramb. Hark'e, Justice; I take a Sermon to be the first Punishment which a Man undergoes after conviction. It is very hard I must be condemned to it before-hand.

Mrs. Squeez. Nay, Sir, I am sure Mr. *Squeezum* speaks for your good. — I shall get a Necklace out of this Affair. [Aside.

Squeez. Ay, that I am sure I do, my Interest sways not one way or the other — I would, were I in that Gentleman's Circumstances, do what I advise him to.

Ramb.

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Ramb. Faith, Sir, that I must doubt: for were you in my Circumstances, you would not be worth the Money.

Squeez. Nay, Sir, now you jest with me; a Gentleman can never be at a loss for such a Trifle.

Ramb. Faith! you mistake. I know a great many Gentlemen not worth three Farthings: he that resolves to be honest cannot resolve not to be poor.

Squeez. A Gentleman, and poor! Sir, they are Contradictions. A Man may as well be a Scholar without Learning, as a Gentleman without Riches. But I have no time to dally with you. If you do not understand good Usage, while it is dealt you, you may, when you feel the Reverse. The Affair may now be made up for a Trifle; the time may come when your whole Fortune would be too little——An Hour's Delay in the making up an Offence is as dangerous as in the sewing up of a Wound.

Ramb. Well, you have over-persuaded me, I'll take your Advice.

Squeez. I'll engage you will not repent it——I don't question but you will regard me as your Friend.

Ramb. That I do indeed. And to give you the most substantial Instance of it, I will ask a Favour, which is expected only from the most intimate Friendship——which is, that you would be so kind to lend me the Money.

Squeez. Alack-a-day, Sir, I have not such a Sum in my Command. Besides, how must it look in me, who am an Officer of Justice, to lend a Culprit Money wherewith to evade Justice! Alas, Sir, we must consider our Characters in Life, we must act up to our Characters; and tho' I deviate a little from mine, in giving you Advice, it would be entirely forsaking the Character of a Justice to give you Money.

Mrs. Squeez. I wonder how you could ask it.

Ramb. Necessity obliges to any thing, Madam. Mr. Squeezum was so kind to shew me the Necessity of giving Money, and my Pockets were so cruel to shew me the Impossibility of it.

Squeez.

Squeez. Well Sir, if you cannot pay for your Transgressions like the Rich, you must suffer for them like the Poor. ——— Here, Constable.

SCENE VIII. Squeezum, *Mrs.* Squeezum, Rambler, Staff, Constables.

Squeez. Take away your Prisoner, keep him in safe Custody till farther Orders. If you come to a wiser Resolution within these two Hours, send me Word; after that it will be too late.

Ramb. Hark'e, Mr. Justice, you had better use me as you ought, and acquit me; for if you do any thing which you cannot defend, hang me if I am not revenged on you.

Squeez. Hang you! ——— I wish there may not be more Meaning in those Words than you imagine.

Ramb. 'Sdeath! you old Rascal, I can scarce forbear rattling those old dry Bones of thine, till they crack thy withered Skin.

Squeez. Bear Evidence of this, I am threatned in the Execution of my Office.

Ramb. Come, honest Mr. Constable, Mr. nocturnal Justice, let me go any where from this Fellow ——— the Night hath chosen a better Justice than the Day.

SCENE IX. Squeezum, *Mrs.* Squeezum.

Squeez. I am afraid I shall make nothing of this Fellow at last. I have a Mind to discharge him.

Mrs. Squeez. Oh! by no means; for I am sure he hath Money.

Squeez. Yes, and so am I. But suppose he will not part with it; it is impossible to take it from him; for there is no Law yet in being to skreen a Justice of Peace from a downright Robbery.

Mrs. Squeez. Try him a little longer, however.

Squeez. I will, 'till the Afternoon; but if he should not consent by that Time, I must discharge him, for
I have

The JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP. 27

I have no Hopes in the Woman's Swearing. She is discharged already.

Mrs. Squeez. I'll make him a Visit at the Constable's House, and try if I can alarm him into a Composition. I may make him do more than you imagine.

Squeez. Do so, my Dear; — I doubt not your Power — Good-morrow, Honey.

Mrs. Squeez. But, my Dear, pray remember the Hundred Guineas.

Squeez. Yes, yes, I shall remember them; they are not likely to be soon forgotten. — Follow me to my Escritore.

SCENE X, *Mrs. Squeezum sola.*

Since you are sure of going to the Devil, honest Spouse, I'll take Care to equip you with a Pair of Horns, that you may be as like one another as possible. This dear wild Fellow must be mine, and shall be mine: I like him so well, that if he had even ravished me, on my Conscience I should have forgiven him.

SCENE XI. *Mr. Worthy's.*

Worthy, Politick.

Wor. Upon my Word, Mr. Politick, I am heartily sorry for this Occasion of renewing our Acquaintance. I can imagine the Tenderness of a Parent, tho' I never was one.

Pol. Indeed, Neighbour *Worthy*, you cannot imagine half the Troubles, without having undergone them. Matrimony balks our Expectations every way, and our Children as seldom prove Comforts to us as our Wives. I had but two — whereof one was hanged long ago — and the other I suppose may be in a fair Way by this.

Wor. In what manner did she escape from you?

Pol.

Pol. She had taken Leave of me to retire to Rest, not half an Hour before I heard of her Departure. I impute it all to the wicked Instructions of an Imp of the Devil called a Chamber-maid, who is the Companion of her Flight.

Wor. But do you know of no Lover?

Pol. Let me see ——— hey! ——— There hath been a Fellow in a Red Coat, with whom she hath conversed for some time, in spite of my Teeth.

Wor. Depend on it, He is the Occasion of your Loss. I can grant you a Warrant against him, if you know his Name, tho' I fear you are too late.

Pol. No, Sir, I am not too late; my Daughter is an Heiress, and you know the Punishment for stealing an Heiress. If I could hang the Rascal, it would be some Satisfaction.

Wor. That will be impossible, without her Consent; and truly, if she be married, I would advise you to follow the Example of that Emperor, who when he discovered something worse than a Marriage, between one of his Subjects and his Daughter, chose rather to let him enjoy her as his own, than punish him.

Pol. Pray where did that Emperor reign?

Wor. I have almost forgotten, but I think it was one of the Greek Emperors, or one of the *Turks*.

Pol. Bring me no Example from the *Turks*, good Mr. *Worthy*, I find no such Affinity in our Interests. Sir, I dread and abhor the *Turks*. I wish we do not feel them, before we are aware.

Wor. But Sir ———

Pol. But me no buts ——— what can be the Reason of all this warlike Preparation, which all our Newspapers have informed us of. Yes, and the same Newspapers a hundred times in the same Words. Is the Design against *Persia*? Is the Design against *Germany*? Is the Design against *Italy* ——— Suppose we should see *Turkish* Gallies in the Channel? We may feel them, yes, we may feel them in the midst of our Security; *Troy* was taken in its Sleep, and so may we.

Wor.

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Wor. Sure, Sir, you are asleep, or in a Dream —

Pol. Yes, yes, these things are called idle Dreams — the justest Apprehensions may be styled Dreams — but let me tell you, Sir, Men betray their own Ignorance often, in attacking that of other Men.

Wor. But what is all this to your Daughter?

Pol. Never tell me of my Daughter, my Country is dearer to me than a thousand Daughters; should the *Turks* come among us, what would become of our Daughters then? and our Sons, and our Wives, and our Estates, and our Houses, and our Religion, and our Liberty. — When a *Turkish* Aga should command our Nobility, and Janizaries make Grandfathers of Lords? Where should we look for *Britain* then?

Wor. Truly, where I may look for Mr. *Politick* now, in the Clouds.

Pol. Give me leave, Sir, only to let you a little into the present State of *Turkey*.

Wor. I must beg to be excused, Sir, if I can be of any Service to you, in relation to your Daughter, you may command my Attention: I may probably defend you from your own Countrymen, but truly from the *Turks* I cannot.

Pol. I am glad to hear you have some Apprehension of them, as well as my self. — That you are not so stupidly besotted, as I meet with some People at the Coffee-house; but perhaps you are not enough apprized of the Danger. Give me leave only to shew you, how it is possible for the *Grand Signior* to find an Ingress into *Europe*. — Suppose, Sir, this Spot I stand on to be *Turkey* — then here is *Hungary* — Very well — here is *France*, and here is *England* — granted — then we will suppose he had Possession of *Hungary* — what then remains but to conquer *France*, before we find him at our own Coast. — But, Sir, this is not all the Danger; now I will shew you how he can come by Sea to us.

Wor. Dear Sir, refer that to some other time; you have sufficiently satisfied me, I assure you.

Pol.

Pol. It is almost time to go to the Coffee-house —
 so dear Mr. *Worthy*, I am your most obedient Servant.
Wor. Mr. *Politick*, your very humble Servant.

SCENE XII. *Worthy solus.*

I recollect the Dawnings of this political Humour to have appeared when we were at the *Bath* together, but it hath risen finely in these ten Years. What an Enthusiasm must it have arrived to, when it could make him forget the Loss of his only Daughter! The greatest Part of Mankind labour under one Delirium or other: And *Don Quixotte* differed from the rest, not in Madness, but the Species of it. The Covetous, the Prodigal, the Superstitious, the Libertine, and the Coffee-house Politician, are all *Quixottes* in their several Ways.

*That Man alone from Madness free, we find,
 Who, by no wild unruly Passion blind,
 To Reason gives the Conduct of his Mind.*

}

~~THE END OF THE SECOND ACT~~

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Street.*

Hilaret, Cloris, meeting.

Hil. **D**EAR *Cloris*,

Clo. Dear Madam, is it you? you altogether?

Hil. Ay, ay, altogether, thank Heavens! I had like to have lost something, but all's safe I assure you.

Clo. Ah! Madam, I wish it were.

Hil. What, don't you believe me?

Clo. I wish you could not me, or I my self. Poor
Capt. Constant —

Hil.

Hil. What of him?

Clo. Oh! Madam!

Hil. Speak quickly, or kill me, which you please —

Clo. — Is taken up for a Rape.

Hil. How!

Clo. It is too true, his own Servant told me.

Hil. His Servant belied him, and so do you —
shew me where he is, if he be in a Dungeon, I'll find him out.

Clo. Very generous indeed, Madam! A King should sooner visit a Prisoner for Treason, than I a Lover for a Rape.

Hil. It would be unpardonable in me to entertain so flagrant a Belief at the first hearing, against a Man who hath given me such substantial Proofs of his Constancy: Besides, an Affair of my own makes me the more doubtful of the Truth of this, but if there appear any Proof of such a Fact I will drive him for ever from my Thoughts.

Clo. Yes, Madam, Justice *Squeezum* will take care to have him driven another Way.

Hil. Justice *Squeezum*! let me hug you for that Information. Now, I can almost swear he is Innocent: I have such an Adventure to surprize you with, but let me not lose a Moment — come, shew me the way.

Clo. Poor Creature! She knows the way to her Destruction too well — but it would be Impertinence in a Servant to put her out of it. [*Aside.*]

SCENE II. *The Constable's House.*

Constant alone.

I begin to be of that Philosopher's Opinion, who said, that whoever will entirely consult his own Happiness, must be little concerned about the Happiness of others. Good-nature is Quixotism, and every Princess *Micomicona* will lead her Deliverer into a Cage. What had I to do to interpose! What harm did the Misfortunes of an unknown Woman bring me, that I should hazard

hazard my own Happiness and Reputation on her Account? — But sure, to swear a Rape against me for having rescued her from a Ravisher, is an unparalleled Piece of Ingratitude.

SCENE III. Constant, and Mrs. Staff.

Mrs. Staff. Will your Honour please to drink a Dram, or some 'Rack Punch?

Const. Dear Madam, do not trouble me; I can drink nothing.

Mrs. Staff. Truly, Sir, but I can. Not trouble you! I had never such a Customer here before. You a Captain charged with a Rape! — I should sooner take you for some poor Attorney, charged with Forgery and Perjury: or a travelling Parson, with stealing a Gown and Cassock.

Const. Drink what you will, and I'll pay what you please.

Mrs. Staff. Thank your Honour! Your Honour will not be offended, I hope — we stand at a great Rent: and truly, since this Gin Act, Trade hath been so dull, that I have often wished my Husband would live by the Highway himself, instead of taking Highwaymen.

Const. You are not the only Wife who would give her Husband this Advice, I dare swear. Nay, were Men all so uxorious to take it, Tyburn would have as much Business as *Dottors-Commons*.

Mrs. Staff. I wish it had more; for we must stand and fall by one another; no Business there, no Business here; and truly Captain, 'tis with Sorrow I say it, where we have one Felon now, we had ten, a Year or two ago — I have not seen one Prisoner brought in for a Rape this Fortnight, except your Honour. I hope your Handicraft will be lucky.

SCENE

SCENE IV. Constant, Staff, *Mrs.* Staff.

Staff. Captain, your Servant, I suppose you will be glad of Company — here is a very civil Gentleman, I assure you.

Mrs. Staff. More Gentlemen! This is rare News indeed.

Const. I had rather be alone.

Staff. I have but this one Prison-Room, Captain: besides, I assure you, this is no common Fellow, but a very fine Gentleman, a Captain too — and as merry a one —

Const. What is the Cause of his Misfortune?

Staff. A Rape, Captain, a Rape — no dishonourable Offence — I would not have brought any Scoundrels into your Honour's Company: but Rape and Murder no Gentleman need be ashamed of, and this is an honest Brother-Ravisher — I have ravished Women my self formerly: but a Wife blunts a Man's Edge. When once you are married, you will leave off Ravishing, I warrant you — to be bound in Wedlock is as good a Security against Rapes, as to be bound over to the Peace is against Murther.

Mrs. Staff. My Husband will have his Jest. I hope your Honour will pardon him.

Staff. But here is the Gentleman.

SCENE V. Constant, Ramble, Staff,
Mrs. Staff.

Const. Prodigious!

Ramb. Dear *Constant*!

Const. What in the Name of Wonder hath brought you to England?

Ramb. What in the Devil's Name hath brought thee to the *Constable's*?

Const. Only a Rape, Sir, no dishonourable Offence, as *Mr. Constable* hath it.

D

Ramb.

Ramb. You jest.

Staff. No, Sir, upon my Word the Captain is in earnest.

Ramb. Why I should sooner have suspected Ermin or Lawn-Sleeves. But I see Gravity and Hypocrisy are inseparable — Well, give me thy Hand, Brother, for our Fortunes agree exactly.

Staff. And will agree in the End, I don't question. This is not the first time of their meeting together on this Account; a Couple of old Whore-masters, I warrant 'em. [Aside.

Mrs. Staff. Will your Honours please to drink any Punch, noble Captains, it will keep up your Spirits.

Staff. Don't force the Gentlemen, Wife, to drink whether they will or no. — I wish you well off this Affair — in the mean time, whatever my House affords is at your Service — and let me assure you, the more you drink the less you will lament your Misfortune.

Ramb. Spoken like a true Philosopher.

SCENE VI. Constant, Ramble.

Ramb. But, dear Billy, I hope thou hast not really committed, hey?

Const. What I heartily repent of, I assure you. I rescued a Woman in the Street, for which she was so kind to swear a Rape against me; but it gives me no Uneasiness equal to the Pleasure I enjoy in seeing you.

Ramb. Ever kind and good-natur'd!

Const. Yet I wish our Meeting had been on another Occasion, for the Freedom of your Life makes me suspect the Consequence of your Confinement may be heavier than mine.

Ramb. I can't tell what the Consequence may be, nor shall I trouble my self about it: But I assure thee, no sucking Babe can be more innocent. If our Cases differ in any thing, it is in this, that my Woman hath not sworn.

Const. This pleases me indeed! — But pray, how came

The JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP. 35

came you to leave the *Indies*, where I thought you had been settled for Life?

Ramb. Why on the same Account that I went thither, that I now am here, by which I live, and for which I live, a Woman.

Const. A Woman!

Ramb. Ay, a fine, young, rich Woman! a Widow with Fourcore Thousand Pounds in her Pocket — there's a North Star to steer by.

Const. What is her Name?

Ramb. Her Name! — her Name is *Ramble*.

Const. What, Married!

Ramb. Ay, Sir, soon after you left the *Indies*, honest Mr. *Ingot* left the World, and me the Heir to his Wife with all her Effects.

Const. I wish you Joy, dear *Jack*, this thy good Fortune hath so filled me with Delight, that I have no Room for my own Sorrows.

Ramb. But I have not unfolded half yet.

Sot. [without.] Let two Quarts of Rum be made into Punch, let it be hot — hot as Hell.

Ramb. D'ye hear, we are in a fine Condition 'faith!

SCENE VII. *Constant, Ramble, Sotmore, Staff.*

Sot. Here they are, here are a Brace of desponding Whore-masters for you — *Ramble*, what nothing to say in Praise of the Women, *Mark Anthony* made a fine Bargain, hey, when he gave the World for a Woman? 'Sdeath! if he had been alive now I'd have waged Six Gallons of Claret, I had seen him hanged for a Rape — as I shall very suddenly my two worthy Friends.

Ramb. Hearkee, *Sotmore*, if you say any thing against the Women, we'll cut your Throat, and toss Justice in a Murder into the Bargain.

Sot. Not speak against Women! you shall as soon compel me not to drink; you shall sow up my Lips,

if you do either ——— Here, you, let the Punch be gotten ready.

Staff. It shall, an't please your Honour. (This Gentleman is a rare Customer to a House, I wish he would commit a Rape too.) [Aside.]

SCENE VIII. Constant, Ramble, Sotmore.

Const. You must not rail against the Ladies, *Sotmore*, before *Ramble*; for he is a married Man.

Ramb. And what is better, my Wife is at the bottom of the Sea.

Sot. And what is worse, all her Effects are at the bottom of the Sea with her.

Const. How!

Ramb. Faith! *Sotmore* hath spoken Truth for once. — Notwithstanding my Pleasantry, the Lady and her Fortune are both gone together; she went to the other World Fourscore Thousand strong; and if there be any such thing there, I don't question but she is married again by this Time.

Sot. You would not take my Advice. I have cautioned thee never to trust any thing on the same Bottom with a Woman. I would not ensure a Ship that had a Woman on Board, for double the Price. — The Sins of one Woman are enough to draw down a Judgment on a Fleet.

Ramb. Here's a Fellow, who, like a Prude, makes Sin a Handle to his Abuse. — Art thou not ashamed to mention Sin — who art a Cargo of Iniquity? why wilt thou fill thy venom'd Mouth with that of others, when thou hast such Stores of thy own?

Const. What occasioned your separating?

Ramb. A Storm, and my ill Stars. I left the Ship wherein she was to dine with the Captain of one of our Convoy, when a sudden violent Storm arising, I lost sight of her Ship, and from that Day have never seen or heard of her.

Sot. Nor ever will — I heartily hope. 'Tho' as for the Innocent Chests, those I wish deliver'd out of the Deep.

Deep. But the Sea knows its own good: It will be sure to keep the Money, tho' possibly it may refund the Woman; for a Woman will swim like a Cork, and they are both of the same Value, nay the latter is the more valuable, as it preserves our Wine, which Women often spoil.

Const. Why, *Sotmore*, Wine is the Touchstone of all Merit with thee, as Gold is to a Stock-jobber, and thou would'st as soon sell thy Soul for a Bottle, as he for a Guinea.

Sot. Wine, Sir, is as apt a Comparison to every thing that is good, as Woman is to every thing that is bad.

Const. Fie, *Sotmore*! this railing against the Ladies will make your Company as scandalous to Gentlemen, as railing at Religion would to a Parson.

Ramb. Right, *Constant*! they are my Religion, I am the High-Priest of the Sex.

Sot. Women and Religion! Women and the Devil: he leaves his Votaries in the Lurch, and so do they.

Const. I fancy, *Ramble*, this Friend of ours will turn Parson, one day or other——

Ramb. If he was not such a Sot, I should think it possible.

Sot. Why faith! I am almost superstitious enough to fancy this a Judgment on thee for breaking thy Word.—Did I not tell thee, thou wert strolling off to some little dirty Whore? and you see the Truth of my Prophecy.

Ramb. Thou art in the right: It was not only a Whore, but the most Impudent of all Whores——a modest Whore.

Const. A modest Whore! let her be married to an honest Attorney, by all means.

Ramb. And lent together to People His Majesty's Plantations.

Sot. Modesty now-a-days as often covers Impudence, as it doth Uglinefs. It is as uncertain a sign of Virtue as Quality is, or as fine Cloaths are of Quality.

Ramb. Yet to do her Right: the Persuasions of the Justice could not prevail with her to perjure herself.

Sot. Conscientious Strumpet! She hopes to pick your Pocket another time, which it were Charity to thee to wish she might: for if thou escapest this, she certainly will have an Opportunity.

Ramb. Pray, honest *Nol*, how didst thou find us out? for a Boy would as soon have sent for his School-master when he was caught in an Orchard, as I for thee on this Occasion.

Sot. Find you out! why the Town rings of you — there is not a Husband or Guardian in it, but what is ready to get drunk for Joy. If the Woman be not Gold-Proof, she will be bribed to swear against you. You are a Nufance, Sir! I don't believe he hath been in Town Six Days, and he hath had above sixteen Women.

Ramb. And they are a nobler Pleasure than so many Gallons which thou hast swallowed in that time.

Sot. Sir, I pay my Vintner, and therefore do no Injury.

Ramb. And, Sir, I do no Injury: and therefore have no Reason to pay.

Sot. Hey-day! is taking away a Man's Wife or Daughter no Injury?

Ramb. Not when the Wife is weary of her Husband, and the Daughter longs for one.

Constant. Art thou not ashamed, *Sotmore*, to throw a Man's Sins in his Face, while he is suffering for them?

Sotm. That is the time, Sir, besides you see what an effect it hath on him: you might as well rail at a Knight of the Post in the Pillory.

Ramb. Let him alone, the Punch will be here immediately, and then he'll have no Leisure to rail.

Sot. Is it not enough to make a Man rail, to have parted with a Friend happy in the Night, and to find him the next Morning in so fair a Way to ——— Death and Damnation! Shew me the Whore, I'll be revenged on her and the whole Sex. If thou art hanged

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hanged for Ravishing her, I'll be 'hanged for Murdering her. Describe the little Mischief to me. Is she tall, short, black, brown, fair? In what Form hath the Devil disguised himself?

Ramb. In a very Beautiful one, I assure you: she hath the finest Shape that ever was beheld, genteel to a Miracle, then the brightest Eyes that ever glanced on a Lover, the prettiest little Mouth, and Lips as red as a Cherry: And for her Breasts, not Snow, Marble, Lillies, Alabaster, Ivory can come up to their Whiteness, but their little, pretty, firm, round Form, no Art can imitate, no Thought conceive — Oh! *Sotmore*, I could die ten thousand Millions of Times upon them —

Sot. You are only like to die once for them.

Const. All these Raptures about a common Whore, *Ramble*?

Sot. Ay, every Woman he sees, they are all alike to him, modest, or immodest, high or low, from the Garret to the Cellar, *St. James's* to the Stews, find him but a Woman, and he'll make an Angel of her. — He hath the same Taste for Women, as a Child for Pictures, or a hungry Glutton for an Entertainment: every Piece is a *Venus*, and every Dish an *Ortelan*.

Ramb. To say the Truth of her, *Sotmore* must have allowed her handsome, and I must allow her to have been a damn'd, confounded, common —

SCENE IX. *Constant, Ramble, Sotmore, Hilaret.*

Ramb. Ha! Conjured up, by *Jupiter*! Well, my little Enemy, do the Priest and the Lawyer consent — and will you swear — ha!

Hil. [*Not regarding Ramble, runs to Constant.*] My *Constant*!

Ramb. Hey-day! what, are we both in for Ravishing the same Woman? — I see by her Fondness, he hath scally Ravished her.

Const. O, *Hilaret*! this Kindness of yours sinks me the deeper; can you bear to think on one accused of such a Crime as I am?

Hil. Never to believe it can I bear.

Const. How shall I repay this Goodness! Then by Heavens I am innocent. *[They talk a-part.]*

Ramb. Hey! the Devil! — Is this *Constant's* Mistress? Here will be fine Work, i'faith! *[Aside.]*

Sotm. Is this the Lady that did you the Favour, Sir? *[To Ramb.]*

Ramb. This the Lady! No — why this is a Woman of Virtue; tho' she hath a great Resemblance of the other, I must confess.

Sotm. Then I suppose this is she whom *Constant* hath Toasted this half Year — his Honourable Mistress, with a Pox. — Rare Company for a Man who is in Prison for a Rape!

Hil. And was you in that Scuffle which parted me and my Maid in *Leicester-Fields*?

Const. It was there this unfortunate Accident happened, while I was going to the Place of our Appointment.

Hil. It had like to have occasioned another to me, which, that I escaped, I am to thank this Gentleman.

Ram. Oh, Madam! your most obedient, humble Servant. Was it you, dear Madam?

Const. Ha! is it possible my Friend can have so far indebted me! — This is a Favour I can never return.

Ramb. You over-rate it, upon my Soul you do; I am sufficiently repayed by this Embrace.

Const. I can never repay thee. — Would'st thou have given me Worlds, it could not have equall'd the least Favour conferr'd on this Lady.

Ramb. I should have conferred some Favours on her indeed, if she would have accepted them. *[Aside.]*

Hil. I am glad it is to Mr. *Constant's* Friend I am obliged.

Sotm.

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Sotm. Yes, you are damnably obliged to him for his Character of you. [Aside.

Const. My dear *Hilaret*, shall I beg to hear it all? I can have no Pleasure equal to finding new Obligations to this Gentleman.

Hil. Since you desire it —

Ramb. I fancy, Madam, your Fright at that time may have occasioned your forgetting some Circumstance; therefore since Capt. *Constant* desires it, I will tell him the Story. — I had just parted from this Gentleman, when I heard a young Lady's Voice crying out for help; (I think the Word *Rape* was mentioned, but that I cannot perfectly remember;) upon this, making directly to the Place whence the Noise proceeded, I found this Lady in the Arms of a very rude Fellow —

Hil. The most impudent Fellow, sure, that ever was born!

Ramb. A very impudent Fellow, and yet a very cowardly one; for the Moment I came up, he quitted his Hold, and was gone out of Sight in the Twinkling of an Eye.

Const. My dear *Ramble*, what hast thou done for me!

Ramb. No Obligation, dear *Constant*! I would have done the same for any Man breathing. But to proceed, the Watch came up, who would not be satisfied with what she then said, but convey'd us both to the *Round-House*, whence we were carried in the Morning before Justice *Squeezum*, and by him, notwithstanding this Lady's Protestations, your humble Servant was committed to that Place where he now finds himself with this good Company.

Const. Oh, my Friend! — May Heaven send me an Opportunity of serving thee in the same Manner!

Ramb. May that be the only Prayer which it denies to *Constant*.

SCENE

SCENE X. Constant, Ramble, Sotmore, Hilaret, Staff.

Staff. The Punch is ready, Gentlemen, you may walk down; the Liberty of my House is at your Service.

Sotm. And that is Liberty enough, while thou hast Punch here. If thy House were a Sea of Punch, I would not prefer any House in Town to it.

Staff. Your Honour shall not want that.

Sotm. And I shall want nothing more.

Staff. Captain, a Word with you. [*To Ramble.*] There's Madam Squeezum below desires to speak with you alone.

Ramb. Bring her up. — *Sotmore*, you must excuse me a few Moments, *Constant* and this Lady will entertain you.

Sotm. Let the Moments be very few. I'll lay Five Gallons to One, this Fellow hath another Whore in his Eye.

SCENE XI. Ramble, *Mrs.* Squeezum.

Ramb. So, my Affair with my Friend's Mistress is happily over. — — That I should not know a modest Woman! But there is so great an Affectation of Modesty in some Women of the Town, and so great an Affectation of Impudence in some Women of Fashion, that it is not impossible to mistake. Now for *Mrs. Justice*, her Business with me is not exceeding difficult to guess.

Mrs. Squeez. You will think I have a vast deal of Charity, Captain, who am not only the Solicitress of your Liberty at home to my Husband, but can carry my Good-nature so far as to visit you in your Confinement. I cannot say but I have a generous Pity for any one whom I imagine to be accused wrongfully.

Ramb.

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Ramb. I am obliged to you indeed, Madam, for that Supposal.

Mrs. Squeez. You are for the Cause of it. Wherefore do you imagine I ventured my self alone with you this Morning?

Ramb. From your great Humanity, Madam.

Mr. Squeez. Alas, Sir! it was to try whether you were really the Man you were reported to be; and I am certain I found you as inoffensive, quiet, civil, well-bred a Gentleman as any virtuous Woman could have wished. Your Behaviour was so modest, that I can never imagine it possible you should have been guilty of a Rape. No over-grown Alderman of Sixty, or taper Beau of Six and Twenty, could have been more innocent Company.

Ramb. Whu! —

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Squeez. Your then Carriage hath wrought so great an Effect upon me, that I have ventured to trust my self here with you; nay, I could trust my self any where with so modest a Gentleman.

Ramb. I'll take care, Madam, never to forfeit your good Opinion of me; you may trust your self with me any where; I'll never behave in any other manner than becomes the best-bred Man alive with the best-bred Lady. I swear by this soft Hand, these Lips, and all the Millions of Charms that dwell in this dear Body.

Mrs. Squeez. What do you mean?

Ramb. I know not what I mean; Tongue can't express, nor Thought conceive — we can only feel the exquisite Pleasures Love has in store.

Mrs. Squeez. Nay, I protest, and vow.

Ramb. Protestations are as vain as Struggling. This Closet hath a Bed in it that would not disgrace a Palace.

Sotm. [*At the Door.*] Why, Ramble! Jack Ramble! Art thou not ashamed to leave thy Friends thus, for some little dirty Strumpet? If thou dost not come immediately, we'll break open the Door, and drown her in Punch.

Mrs. Squeez.

Mrs. Squeez. [*Softly.*] I am undone! —

Ramb. Fear nothing ——— Go to your Bowl, I'll come this Instant.

Sotm. I'll not wag without you.

Ramb. Then I'll come down, break your Bowl and spill all your Liquor.

Sot. Bring thy Whore along with thee; there's one there already, she'll be glad of her Company: If you don't come in an Instant I will be back again.

Mrs. Squeez. What shall I do?

Ramb. My Angel! Love shall instruct thee.

Mrs. Squeez. Let me go — some other time — I will not run any Venture here.

Ramb. I will not part with you.

Mrs. Squeez. You shall hear from me in half an Hour. You shall have your Liberty, and I'll appoint you where to meet me.

Ramb. Shall I depend on you?

Mrs. Squeez. You may. — Adieu. — Don't follow me: I can slip out a back Way.

Ramb. Farewel, my Angel!

SCENE XII. *Ramble Solus.*

Confound this drunken Rascal! This is not the first Time he hath spoiled an Intrigue for me. But hold, as I am to have my Liberty before-hand, I don't think this half Hour's Delay at all unlucky. That Consideration may sufficiently compensate the staying of my Stomach. This Adventure of mine begins to put on a tolerable Aspect. An Intrigue with a rich Justice's Wife, is not to be slighted by a young Fellow of a desperate Fortune. I do not doubt but in a very short Time, when I am taken up for the next Rape, to bribe the Justice with his own Money. — Lend a Man your Gold, he may forget the Debt; venture your Life for him, he may forget the Obligation; but once engage his Wife, and you secure his Friendship. There is no Friend in all Extremity so sure as your Cuckold

Cuckold——and the surest Hold you can take of a Man, as of a Bull, is by his Horns.

SCENE XIII. *Ramble, Constant, Sotmore, Hilaret.*

Sotm. Ha! what's become of thy Wench? if thou hadst none, thy Absence was the more inexcusable.

Const. O *Ramble!* this our better Genius hath invented the most notable Plot! —— Such a Net is laid for the Justice! it will at once entangle him and disentangle us. Mr. *Hogghead* here is to play his Part too.

Ramb. I am sorry we cannot do without him; for should there be any Claret in his way, he'd disappoint the whole Affair for one Bottle.

Sotm. Not for the best *Burgundy* in *France*. This Lady hath won my Heart by one Bumper. —— By all the Pleasures of Drinking, Madam, I like you more than your whole Sex put together. There is no Honesty in Man or Woman, that will not drink. Honesty is tried in Wine, as Gold is in the Fire. Madam, you have made a Conquest of me. I'll drink your Health as long as I can stand, and that's as long as a reasonable Woman can require.

Hil. I am exceedingly proud of my Conquest over a Man of Mr. *Sotmore's* good Sense.

Const. Upon my Word you may, you are the first Woman I believe he ever was civil to.

Sotm. It was because they none of them had your Merit, a Parcel of Tea-drinking Sluts. —— If I had a Daughter that drank Tea, I would turn her out of Doors. The Reason that Men are honestier than Women is, their Liquors are stronger. If the Sex were bred up to Brandy and Tobacco, if they all liked Drinking as well as you seem to do, Madam, I should turn a Lover.

Ramb. Why, *Constant*, such another Compliment would make thee jealous.

Hil.

Hil. Upon my Word, he hath Reason already!

Sotm. Madam, I like you, and if a Bottle of *Burgundy* were on one side, and you on the other, I do not know which I should chuse.

Const. Thou would'st chuse the Bottle, I am sure.

Ramb. But I long to hear this Conspiracy.

Sotm. Then it must be below. I strictly forbid any Secrets to be told but at the Council-Table. The Rose is ever understood over the Drinking-Room, and a Glass is the surest Turnkey to the Lips.

Const. That's contrary to the Opinion of Philosophers.

Sotm. Of the sober ones it may; but all your wise Philosophers were a Set of the most drunken Dogs alive. I never knew a sober Fellow but was an Ass — and your Ass is the soberest of all Animals. Your sober Philosophers, and their Works, have been buried long ago. I remember a Saying of that great Philosopher and Poet, *Horace*, who wrote in *Falernian* instead of Ink:

*No Verses last — can long escape the Night,
Which the dull scribbling Water-drinkers write.*

[*Exeunt.*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Squeezum's.

Squeezum, Quill.

Squeez. YOU delivered my Letter?

Quill. Yes, an't please your Worship, I left it at the Coffee-House, where she directed me.

Squeez. Very well. — *Quill!*

Quill. Sir.

Squeez. I think I may trust thee with any Secret — and what I am now going to tell, will shew thee what

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a Confidence I put in thee. — In short, *Quill*, I suspect
my Wife —

Quill. Of what, Sir?

Squeez. I am afraid that I am not the only Person
free with her, and that I am free of the Corporation
of Cuckolds.

Quill. Then your Worship is free of all the Corpo-
rations in *England*.

Squeez. Now thou knowest that there are very
wholesome Laws against Cuckoldom; the Advantage
of a Man's Horns is, that he may shove his Wife out
of Doors with them.

Quill. And that is no inconsiderable Advantage.

Squeez. But there must be a Discovery first. It is
not enough that a Man knows himself to be a Cuck-
old, the World must know it too. He that will keep
his Horns in his Pocket, must keep his Wife in his
Bosom. Therefore, *Quill*, as it is in your Power to
observe my Wife, I assure you a very handsome Re-
ward on her Conviction; for I begin to find, that if
I do not discover her, she will shortly discover me, or
ruin me by bribing her to hold her Tongue. It is
not a little Gold will make a Gag for a Woman.

Quill. Sir, I shall be as diligent as possible.

Squeez. And I as liberal on your Success.

[*Exit Squeezum.*]

SCENE II. *Quill solus.*

Indeed, Justice, that Bait will not do. I know
you too well to trust to your Liberality. Your Wife
will reward Services better than you. Besides, I have
too much Honour to take Fees on both Sides. —
And since I am her Pimp in ordinary, I'll go like an
honest and dutiful Servant, and discover this Conspi-
racy; for should she once be turn'd out of the Family,
I should make but a slender Market of this close-
finger'd Justice, whose Covetousness would suffer no
Rogues to live but himself.

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Constable's House.*
Ramble, Constant.

Ramb. This little Mistress of yours is the most dextrous Politician, if that drunken Puppy doth not disappoint us.

Const. Never fear him! he hath Cunning enough, and there hath been so long a War in his Head between Wine and his Senses, that they seem now to have come to an Agreement that he is never to be quite in them, nor ever quite out of them; his Life is one continued Scene of being half Drunk.

Ramb. Well, as we can be of no farther Use in the Affair, but must stay here and expect the Issue; pr'y-thee tell me what hath become of you these three long long Years since you quitted the Service of the *East-India* Company, and came over to *England* with *Sotmore*?

Const. Why, at my first Return to *England*, the Prospect of War was in every one's Eye, and not only the Reports of the People, but the Augmentation of the Troops assured us of its Approach; upon which, I resolv'd to embarque my small Remains of Fortune in the Service of my Country, and obtained the same Commission on that Occasion, which I had enjoyed in the *Indies*. My History is not very full of Adventures; I continued therein 'till the Reduction, when I shared the Fate of several unhappy brave Fellows, and was sent a begging with a red Coat on my Back.

Ramb. It is the Faculty of the Cloth to be ragged' — Red is as apt to be ragged, as White to be soil'd. It is commonly the Fate of our brave Soldiers to bring home ragged Cloaths, as well as Colours, and both are rewarded by *Westminster-Hall* — the one is hung up in it, and the other is locked up safe by an Order from it; for, Heaven be prais'd! the Goals are always open Hospitals for us.

Const.

Const. The only Happiness which hath attended me since my Return, is my having contracted an Intimacy with that young Lady whom you saw here; which hath proceeded so far, that last Night we had appointed to meet in order to our Marriage; but as I was just arrived at the Place, a Woman well-dress'd was attacked in the Street by a Ruffian; I immediately flying to her Assistance, the Fellow quitted her, and left me alone in the Possession of the Watch, who early this Morning carried me before Justice *Squeezum*, and by him I was committed hither.

Ramb. What, did she appear against you?

Const. No; they said she was ill of some Bruises she had received, but desired I might be kept in Custody 'till the Afternoon, at which Time she would appear against me. But by what *Hilaret* hath told us, and by some Methods which have been used to extort Money from me, I am inclined to fancy it all a contrived Piece of Villany of the Justice, and not of the Woman's, as I at first imagined.

Ramb. Be assured of it; — if there be Roguery, the Justice hath the chief Part in it. But, comfort yourself with the Expectation of Revenge, for I think he cannot possibly escape the Net we have spread, unless the Devil have more Gratitude than he is reported to have, and will assist his very good Friend at a Crisis.

Const. But, what do you intend in *England*, where you have no Friends?

Ramb. I know not yet whether I have or no. I left an old Father here, and a rich one. He thought fit to turn me out of Doors for some Frolicks, which it is probable, if he yet lives, he may have forgiven me by this. But what's become of him I know not, for I have not heard one Word of him these Ten Years.

Const. I think you have been vastly careless, in neglecting him so long.

Ramb. 'Tis as I have acted in all Affairs of Life; my Thoughts have ever succeeded my Actions; the

Consequence hath caused me to reflect when it was too late. I never reasoned on what I should do, but what I had done; as if my Reason had her Eyes behind, and could only see backwards.

SCENE IV. Ramble, Constant, Staff.

Staff. Here is a Letter for your Honour.

Ramb. [*Reads it.*] Ay, this is a Letter indeed!

Const. What is it?

Ramb. My Freedom, under a Sign manual from the Queen of these Regions.

Const. Explain.

Ramb. Then, Sir, in plain *English*, without either Trope or Figure, it is a Letter from the Justice's Wife, with an Order to the Constable for my Liberty.

[*Reads.*]

SIR,

I Was no sooner recovered of the Fright which that unmannerly Friend of yours occasioned, than I have performed my Promise; you will find me at Home, the Constable hath Orders by the Beaver to acquit you.

Here's Good-nature for you! [*Kisses the Letter.*] Thou dear Wife of a damn'd Rogue of a Justice, I fly to thy Arms.

Const. Heark'e! suppose you brought her to be a Witness to our Design——and——here, take this Letter of Assignment from the Justice to *Hilaret*, it will give your Discovery Credit.

Ramb. An admirable Thought! I fly to execute it. Dear *Constant*, good-morrow. I hope when next we meet, we shall meet

In happier Climes, and on a safer Shore,
Where no vile Justice shall invade us more.

Const. Success attend you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE V. *A Tavern.*

Squeezum, Drawer.

Squeez. No Woman been to enquire for Mr. Jones?

Draw. Sir, I know of none, but I'll ask at the Bar if you please.

Squeez. Do — and leave Word if any such comes, to shew her up hither. — I have no Reason to doubt her Company, but I am impatient for it. I protest this Woman hath revived the Vigour of Youth in me; sure, I must have over-reckoned my Years! — I cannot be above Forty-Nine at the most. — I wish this dear Girl was come. — I am afraid I did wrong in giving her those Five Shillings, in a Purse worth above Two Shillings more, which who knows but she may be spending on some Bully, who will perhaps send another Present to me in return?

SCENE VI. Squeezum, Hilaret.

Squeez. Oh! are you come — — you little, pretty, dear, sweet Rogue! — — I have been waiting for you these — — these four Hours at least.

Hil. Young Lovers are commonly earlier than their Appointment.

Squeez. Give me a Kifs for that. — Thou shalt find me a young Lover, a vigorous young Lover too. — Hit me a Slap in the Face, do. — Bow-wow! Bow-wow! I'll eat up your Cloaths. — Come, what will you drink? White or Red? — Women love White best. — Boy, bring half a Pint of Mountain. — Come, sit down; do, sit down. — Come, now let us hear the Story how you were first debauched. — Come — — that I may put it down in my History at Home. I have the History of all the Women's Ruin that ever I lay with, and I call it, *The History of my own Times.*

E 1

Hil.

Hil. I'll warrant it is as big as a Church-Bible.

Squeez. It is really of a good reputable Size: I have done Execution in my Time.

Hil. And may do Execution still.

Boy. [*Without.*] Half a Pint of Mountain in the Lion, score.

Squeez. Well — But now let me have the History — Where did your Amour begin — at Church, I warrant you: more Amours begin at Church than end there. — Or perhaps, you went to see the Man of War — Going to see Sights hath ruined many a Woman. No wonder Children are Lovers of them, since so many owe their Being to them.

Hil. [*Aside.*] I thank you for that remembrance, I had forgot my Lover. — Ay, Sir, it was there indeed I saw him first, that was the fatal Scene of our Interview.

Squeez. Well, and was the Amour managed by Letter, or by word of Mouth?

Hil. By Letter, Sir. I believe he writ two Quires of Paper to me before I would send him an Answer, I returned him several un-opened, and then several others opened — But at last — he obtained an Answer.

Squeez. Well, and after your Answer, what followed then?

Hil. Oh! he thought himself sure of me, as soon as I had answered his Letter.

Squeez. Ay, I have always observed in my Amours, that when I received an Answer, I never failed of the Woman; a Woman follows her Letter infallibly: well, and what did he say in the second Letter?

Hil. Oh! he swore a thousand fond things, that his Love should last as long as his Life. That his whole Happiness depended on me — and a vast deal of that Nature.

Squeez. Ay, ay, just as I have done my self. I find Whoring is as Methodical as the Law.

Hil. And I fancy as tedious with you, old Gentleman.

[*Aside.*
Squeez.

The JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP. 53

Squeez. Well, and how many Letters did you write to him, cy! — before —?

Hil. Not many. He did not want much Encouragement.

Squeez. Then passing over the rest of the Suit, let us come to the last fatal Meeting.

Hil. It was of a *Sunday Morning*. —

Squeez. Right. My old method: When other People are gone to Church.

Hil. In an exceeding hot Day. —

Squeez. *May or June?* — Women and Cherries are commonly gathered in the same Month.

Hil. I was fatigued with walking in the Garden, and retired to an Arbour to repose my self: guess what was my Surprise, when I found the dear Perfidious had convey'd himself thither before me.

Squeez. A sly Dog! My old way again. An Ambush is as useful in Love as War.

Hil. At my first Entrance, he pretended a Surprise at seeing me unexpectedly: but on my questioning him how and with what Design he had conveyed himself there, he immediately threw off the Cloak and confessed all: he flew to me, caught me in his Arms with the most eager Raptures, and swore the most violent Love and eternal Constancy. I in the greatest Agony of Rage repelled him with my utmost Force; he redoubled his Attacks, I slackened my Resistance; he entreated, I raved; he sighed, I cry'd; he pressed, I swooned; he —

Squeez. Oh! — I can bear no longer, my Angel! my Paradise! my Honey-suckle! my Dove! my Darling!

Hil. What do you mean, Sir?

Squeez. I mean to eat you up, to swallow you down, to squeeze you to Pieces.

Hil. Help there! a Rape, a Rape!

SCENE VII. *Squeezum, Hilaret, Sotmore.*

Sotm. Hey-day! what in the Devil's name is here? — Justice *Squeezum* ravishing a Woman!

Hil. Oh! for Heaven's sake, Sir, assist a poor forlorn, hapless Maid, whom this wicked Man hath treacherously seduced.

Squeez. Oh lud! ——— Oh lud!

Sotm. Fie upon you, Mr. *Squeezum*! you who are a Magistrate, you who are the Preserver and Executor of our Laws, thus to be the Breaker of them!

Squeez. Can'st thou accuse me?

Hil. You know too well how barbarously you have used me. For Pity's sake, Sir, secure him; do not let him escape, 'till we send for a Constable. If there be any Law for a Justice, I am resolved to hang him.

Squeez. Oh lud! what Shame have I brought my self to! that ever I should live to see this Day!

Sotm. If thou hadst stood to thy Bottle like an honest Fellow this had never happened, but you must go a Whoring with a Pox to you, at your Years too; with these spindle Shanks, that weeze Face, that Crane's Neck of a Body. Who would have imagined that such an old withered May-pole as thou art should attempt to fall on a Woman? Why, thou wilt be the Diversion of the whole Town. — *Grubstreet* will dine a Month on your Account. Thou wilt be ushered to *Tyburn* with more Pomp than *Alexander* was ushered into *Babylon*. Justice never triumphs so universally as at the Execution of one of her own Officers.

Squeez. Sir, if there be Truth on Earth, I am as innocent —

Sotm. All the Innocence on Earth will not save you — A Man doth not always draw the Rope by the weight of his Sins. Your Innocence will not acquit you in a Court of Justice, against her Oath, and when you come to the Gallows, it will be vain to plead your Innocence. All's Fish that comes to the Net there. The Gallows so seldom gets its due, that it never parts with what it gets.

Hil. Can you pretend to Innocence? was not this Gentleman an Eye-witness to your Rudeness, to the Injuries you offered me?

Sotm.

The JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP. 55

Sotm. Ay, ay, I can swear to the Rape with as safe a Conscience as I can drink a Glass of Wine.

Squeez. I see I am betrayed, I am caught in my own Trap. There is but one way to escape, which is the way I have opened to others. [*Aside.*] I see, Madam, your Design is to extort Money from me. I am too well acquainted with the Laws to contend: but I hope you will be reasonable, for I am poor, very poor, I assure you: it is not for Men of my Honesty to be rich.

Hil. Sir, if you would give me Millions, it should not satisfy my Revenge; you shall be hanged for an Example to others.

Squeez. Here's a cruel Wretch! who prefers my Blood to my Gold, which is almost my Blood.

Sotm. Hey-day! what Vehicle is this? a Vinegar Bottle?—half a Pint, by *Jupiter*! Why, thou sneaking Rascal, can't thou pretend to Honesty, when this Dram Glass hath been found upon thee? Were I thy Judge, or thy Jury, this very sneaking Vehicle should hang thee, without any other Evidence. But come, since you are to be hanged, I'll drink one Bumper to your good Journey to the other World——You will find abundance of your Acquaintance, whom you have sent before you——And now, I'll go call the Drawer to fetch a Constable.

Squeez. Hold, hold, Sir; for Mercy sake do not expose me so——Will nothing content you, Madam?

Hil. Nothing but the Rigour of the Law. Sir, I beseech you lose no Time, but send for the Constable immediately.

Squeez. I'll do any thing, I'll consent to any Terms.

Hil. The Constable! the Constable!

Squeez. Stay, dear Sir! I'll give you a hundred Guineas, I'll do any thing.

Hil. Remember your vile Commitment of two Gentlemen this Morning——But I will revenge the Injuries of my Friends——Sir, I beseech you send for the Officers.

Squeez. One is already dismissed from his Confinement, and the other shall be dismissed immediately.

Hil. It is too late.

Sotm. Hearkee, Sir, will you leave off Whoring, and take to Drinking for the future?

Squeez. I'll leave them off both.

Sotm. Then you shall be hanged: but if you will commence honest Fellow, and get drunk every Day of your Life, I'll intercede with this Lady, that on your acquitting the Gentleman you shall be acquitted your self.

Squeez. I'll do any thing, I'll quit any thing.

Sotm. Madam, let me persuade you to be merciful this time to this unfortunate and undutiful Servant of Justice.

Hil. Sir, I can deny you nothing.

Squeez. Get me a Pen and Ink, I'll send an Order to bring him hither, and discharge him instantly.

Sotm. Drawer, bring Pen, Ink and Paper, and a Bottle of old Port.

Squeez. [*to Hil.*] And could you have had the Conscience to have sworn against a poor old Man?

Sotm. Faith! 'twas a little cruel. Could you have had the Heart to see him swinging like a gibbeted Skeleton? could you have served up such a dry Dish to Justice — The Body of one of her own Children too? — But here's the Paper — Come, Sir, write his Discharge and your own.

[*Squeezum writes, Sotmore and Hilaret advance.*]

Sot. You have managed this Matter so well, that I shall have an Opinion of your Sex's Understanding ever after.

Hil. Let a Woman alone for a Plot, Mr. *Sotmore*.

Sot. Ay, Madam, a Woman that will drink a Bumper. Wipe is the Fountain of Thought, and

The more we drink,

The more we think.

It is a Question with me, whether Wine hath done more Good, or Physick Harm in the World; I would have every Apothecary's Shop in the Town turn'd into a Tavern.

Hil.

The JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP. 57

Hil. I am afraid the more you have of the one, the more you will require of the other.

Sat. It is their Drugs that debauch our Wine: Wine in it self is as innocent as Water, and Physick poisons both. It is not the Juice of the Grape, but of the Drug, that is pernicious. Let me advise you, Madam, leave off your damn'd adulterated Water, your Tea, and take to Wine. It will paint your Face better than Vermilion, and put more Honesty in your Heart than all the Sermons you can read. I'll introduce you to some Clubs of my Acquaintance, a set of honest Fellows that live in the Clouds of Tobacco, and know no Home but a Tavern.

Squeez. This Letter, Sir, will produce the Gentleman immediately.

Sat. Here, Drawer——let this Letter be sent whither it is directed. Come honest Justice, our Acquaintance hath an odd Beginning, but we may be very good Companions soon: Let us sit down and expect our Friend in the Manner it becometh us. Remember what you have bargained to do every Day of your Life, and the Obligation shall be dated from this Hour. Come, sit thee down, honest Publican, old Justice Merchant. [*They sit*] Here's a Health to the Propagation of Trade, thy Trade I mean, to the Encrease of Whores, and false Dice——Thou art a Collector of the Customs of Sin, and he that would sin with Impunity, must have thy Permit. Come, pledge me, old Boy; if thou leavest one Drop in the Glass, thou shalt go to Goal yet, by this Bottle.

Squeez. I protest, Sir, your Hand is too bountiful, you will overcome me with Wine.

Sat. Well, and I love to see a Magistrate drunk; it is a comely Sight: When Justice is drunk, she cannot take a Bribe.

Squeez. Do you not remember how the Athenians punished Drunkenness in a Magistrate?

Sat. And do not I know that we have no such Athenian Law among us? We punish Drunkenness as well as other Sins, only in the Lower Sort: Drink,
like

like the Game, was intended for Gentlemen — and no one should get drunk, who cannot go home in a Coach — Come, Madam, it is your Glass now.

Hil. Dear Sir! I beg you would not compel me to it.

Sot. By this Bottle, but I will, I'll ravish thee to it before the Justice's Face. Come, it will be better for you than Tea, you will not be obliged to sculk away and rake a Dram after this. Come drink the Justice's Health, as a Token of Amity, the Justice is a good honest drunken Fellow. But let me give you some wholesome Advice, [*to the Justice*] leave off fornicating, leave the Girls to the Boys, and stand to thy Bottle: It is a Virtue becoming our Years; and don't be too hard on a wild honest young Rake. Thou hast committed a couple of the pretiest Boys to-day, don't do so any more. — Be as severe as you please to Whores and Gamesters, that offer to act without your License; but if ever you grant a Warrant for a Friend of mine again, you shall not only drink the Wine, but eat the Bottle too. Come, here's your Health, in Hopes of your Amendment, thou shalt pledge thy own Health in a Bumper — Here, Boy, bring up a Gallon of Wine.

Squeez. Not a Drop more.

Sot. A Drop! confound the Name. Come, empty your Glass, the Lady is a-dry.

Squeez. This is worse than a Prison.

Sot. You will get out of this with paying less Fees. Drink, I say.

Squeez. Well — since I must.

Sot. Come, we'll have a Song in praise of Drinking — I'll sing the Stanza's, and you shall bear the Chorus.

SONG,

S O N G.

*Let a Set of sober Affes
Rail against the Joys of drinking,
While Water, Tea,
And Milk agree,
To set cold Brains a thinking :
Power and Wealth,
Beauty, Health,
Wit and Mirth in Wine are crown'd ;
Joys abound,
Pleasure's found,
Only where the Glass goes round.*

II.

*The Ancient Sects on Happiness
All differ'd in Opinion,
But wiser Rules,
Of Modern Schools,
In Wine fix her Dominion :
Power and Wealth, &c.*

III.

*Wine gives the Lover Vigour,
It makes glow the Cheeks of Beauty,
Makes Poets write,
And Soldiers fight,
And Friendship do its Duty :
Power and Wealth, &c.*

IV.

*Wine was the only Helicon,
Whence Poets are long-liv'd so ;
'Twas no other Main,
Than brisk Champaigne,
Whence Venus was deriv'd too :
Power and Wealth, &c.*

V.

*When Heav'n in Pandora's Box
All kind of Ill had sent us,
In a merry Mood,
A Bottle of Good
Was cork'd up, to content us :
Power and Wealth, &c.*

VI.

*All Virtues Wine is Nurse to,
Of ev'ry Vice Destroyer;
Gives Dullards Wit,
Makes just the Cit,
Truth forces from the Lawyer:
Power and Wealth, &c.*

VII.

*Wine sets our Joys a flowing,
Our Care and Sorrow drowning.
Who rails at the Bowl,
Is a Turk in's Soul,
And a Christian ne'er should own him:
Power and Wealth, &c.*

SCENE VIII. Squeezum, Hilaret, Sotmore,
Constant, Staff.

Const. My Hilaret! my Dear!

Hil. My Constant!

Sot. Give you Joy, dear Constant, of your Liberty.

Const. Thank you, dear Sotmore, to you I am partly obliged for it: *Ramble* and I will make you Amends, we'll give you six Nights for this.

Sot. Where is he?

Const. Very safe; be not concerned about him.

Hil. Well, Sir, since our Affair is ended, there is the Purse you presented me this Morning. As I have not performed your Expectations one Way, I'll give you what I believe you did not expect—your Money again. It is unopen'd, I assure you.

Squeez. Thou art welcome however.

Sot. Come, Gentlemen, be pleased to take every Man his Chair and his Glass; we will dedicate one Hour or two to drinking, I am resolv'd.

Squeez. First we will sacrifice to Justice. Mr. Constant, do your Duty.

Staff. Come in there.

SCENE

SCENE IX. Squeezum, Hilaret, Sotmore,
Constant, Staff, *Assistants*.

The Assistants seize Constant, Hilaret, and Sotmore.

Squeez. Seize those People in the King's Name —
I accuse that Woman and that Man of conspiring to
swear a Rape against me.

Staff. It is in vain to contend, Gentlemen.

Hil. Oh the Villain!

Squeez. [to Sot.] The next Letter you extort, Sir,
be sure to examine the Contents.

Sot. Thou Rascal! will not even Wine make thee
Honest.

Squeez. Observe, Gentlemen, how abusive he is,
but I'll make an Example of you all: I'll prosecute
you to the utmost Severity of the Law, — Mr. Con-
stable, convey the Prisoners to your House, whence
you shall have Orders to bring them before a Justice.

Sot. And art thou really in Earnest?

Squeez. You shall find I am, Sir, to your Cost.

Sot. Then I have found one Man with whom I
would not drink a Glass of Wine.

Staff. Come, Gentlemen, you know the Way to
my House — I am particularly glad to see your Ho-
nour [to Sotmore] and will accommodate you in the
best Manner I can.

Const. I am too well acquainted with Misfortune,
to repine at any; but how shall I bear yours, my
Hilaret?

Hil. The less you seem to bear, the more you will
lighten mine.

Sot. I must give the Justice one Wish. May Hea-
ven rain Small-Beer upon thee, and may it corrupt
thy Body, till it is as putrified as thy Mind.

Hil. One Blessing only may Heav'n leave thy Life,
May it take all things from thee — but thy Wife.

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE Politick's House.

Politick *solus*.

Pol. SURE, never Child inherited less of a Father's Disposition than mine; her Mother certainly played me foul in the begetting her: I, who have been my whole Life noted for Sobriety, could never have given Being to so wild a Creature: I begin to recollect having seen a tall Half-pay Officer at my House formerly: Nor do I think the Girl unlike him. I am sure she hath been ever wild enough, to have had any Officer in the Kingdom for her Father. Nature hath been kind to the Male of all Creatures but Man: The Bull, the Horse, the Dog are not encumbered even with their own Off-spring; that Care falls only to the Females: But Man, when once a gabling Priest hath chattered a few mischievous Words over him, is bound to have and to hold from that Day forward all the Brats his Wife is pleased to bestow on him. Yet I must own the Girl hath been ever dutiful to me, till she became acquainted with this cursed Fellow in a Red Coat. Why should Red have such Charms in the Eyes of a Woman? The Roman Senate kept their Armies abroad to prevent their sharing in their Lands at home, we should do the same to prevent their sharing in our Wives. A tall lusty Fellow shall make more work for a Midwife in one Winter at home, than he can for a Surgeon in ten Summers abroad.

SCENE

SCENE II. Politick, Faithful.

Pol. Well, any News of my Daughter yet?

Faith. No, Sir; but there is some News from the Secretaries Office, a Mail is arrived from *Holland*, and you will have the Contents of it in one of the Evening Papers.

Pol. Very well! I must be patient. I think we have three Mails together now: I am not satisfied at all with the Affairs in the North: The Northern Winds have not blown us any Good lately; the Clouds are a little darker in the East too than I could wish them.

SCENE III. Politick, Dabble.

Pol. Mr. Dabble, good Morrow.

Dab. Are the Mails come in?

Pol. Just arrived.

Dab. I have not slept one wink for reflecting on what you told me last Night; perhaps this *Dutch* Mail may give some Insight into those Affairs. But what says the *Lying-Post*?

Pol. I have had no time to read it yet, I wish you would. I have only read, *The London Journal*, the *Country Journal*, the *Weekly Journal*, *Applebee's Journal*, the *British Journal*, the *British Gazetteer*, the *Morning Post*, the *Coffee-House Morning Post*, the *Daily Post*, the *Daily Post-Boy*, the *Daily Journal*, the *Daily Courant*, the *Gazette*, the *Evening Post*, the *Whitchall Evening Post*, the *London Evening Post*, and the *St. James's Evening Post*. So, if you please begin the *Lying Post*.

Dab. [reads.] *Moscow, January the fifth.* 'We learn from *Constantinople*, that Affairs continue still in the same doubtful way, it is not yet known what Course our Court will take. The Empress having been slightly indisposed the other Day took the Air in her own Coach, and returned so well recovered, that she eat a very hearty Supper.——

Pol.

Pol. Hum — there is no mention of the Supper in any other Papers.

Dab. *Berlin, January the 20th.* ‘ We hear daily Murmurs here concerning certain Measures taken by a certain Northern Potentate, but cannot certainly learn either who that Potentate is, or what are the Measures which he hath taken — mean time we are well assured that Time will bring them all to light.

Pol. Pray read that last over again.

Dab. ‘ Mean time, we are well assured that Time will bring them all to light.

Pol. Hum! hum!

Dab. *Marseilles, January the 18th.* ‘ The Affairs in regard to *Italy*, continue still in the same uncertain Condition.

Pol. Hum.

Dab. ‘ The Talk of a large Embarkation still runs high.

Pol. Hum.

Dab. ‘ The *Spaniards* continue still encamped near *Barcelona*.

Pol. Hum!

[*Shakes his Head.*]

Dab. ‘ And every thing seems tending to a Rupture — mean time we expect the Return of a Courier from *Vienna*, who ’tis generally expected will bring the News of a general Pacification.

Pol. All is well again!

Dab. I like this, and some other Papers, who disappoint you with good News. Where the beginning of a Paragraph threatens you with War, and the latter part of it ensures you Peace.

Pol. Please to read on —

Dab. ‘ However, notwithstanding these Assurances, ’tis doubted by most People, whether the said Courier will not rather bring a Confirmation of the War, but this is all guess-work, and till such time as we see an actual Hostility committed, we must leave our Readers in the same uncertain State we found them.

Pol. Hum! There is no Certainty to be come at, I find; it may be either Peace or War. *Dab.*

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The JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP. 65

Dab. Tho' were I to lay a Wager, I should chuse War; for, if you observe, we are twice assured of that, whereas we have only one Affirmation on the side of Peace — but stay, perhaps the next Paragraph which is dated from *Fontain-bleau* may decide the Question. ' *Fontain-bleau, January 23*, Yesterday his Majesty went a Hunting, to-day he hears an Opera, and to-morrow he hears Mass.

Pol. I don't like that; hearing Mass is seldom the Forerunner of good News.

Dab. ' It is observable that Cardinal *Fleury* —

Pol. Ay, now for it.

Dab. ' It is observable that Cardinal *Fleury* hath for several Days last past been in close Conference with the Minister of a certain State, which causes various Speculations; but as we do not know what was the Matter in Debate, we cannot say what may be the Consequence thereof. Mean time we cannot help observing, that it hath occasioned some People to put on very serene Looks, who had worn cloudy ones for some time before: Some imagine on comparing this with the News from *Marseilles*, that a War will be unavoidable — others, who are more peaceably inclined, are as strenuous Advocates on the other side — We must refer the whole to the Determination of Time, that great Judge in worldly Affairs, who never fails with his two-edged Scythe to mow down the Weeds, which shadow over the secret Counsels of State, and lay them open to the naked Eye of the discerning Politician.

Pol. Shall I beg to hear that over again?

SCENE IV. Politick, Dabble, Faithful.

Dab. [*reads.*] ' We must refer the whole to the Determination, &c. [*Dab. continues reading.*

Faith. Oh, Sir! *Cloris* hath brought the strangest News of my young Mistress.

Pol. Don't interrupt us — Blockhead.

F

Faith.

Faith. If you lose a Moment she may be lost for ever.

Pol. Sirrah! Peace.

Faith. Sir, my young Mistress, Miss *Hilaret*, will be undone, ruined, hanged, if you do not assist her, she's taken up for a Rape — Oh! my poor young Lady! the sweetest, best-temper'd Lady sure that ever was born. Oh! that ever I should see the Day! And can you sit here, Sir, reading a parcel of damn'd confounded lying Nonsense, and not go to your Daughter's Assistance?

Pol. Sure the Fellow is possessed.

Faith. Sir, your Daughter is possessed — possessed by Constables — she is taken up for a Rape.

Pol. My Daughter taken up for a Rape!

Faith. Yes, Sir, for Ravishing a Justice of Peace.

Pol. Sure some Accident hath touched the Fellow's Brain.

Faith. Ay, Sir, and it would touch yours too, if you had a Grain of Humanity in you. — Oh! that I should live to see my poor young Lady in such a Misfortune.

Pol. A Woman taken up for a Rape — it is impossible.

Faith. They may swear it tho' for all that — I know her to be as modest a good young Lady as any in the Kingdom, but what will not a set of Rogues swear. Sir, I liv'd with *Squeezum* before I liv'd with you, and know him to be as great a Villain as any in the Kingdom. Do, good Sir, come but with me to Justice *Worthy's*, if you do not find your Daughter there, turn me away for a Vagabond.

Dab. I do remember, Neighbour *Politick*, to have seen in some News-Paper a Story not very different from this.

Pol. Nay, if you have seen it in a News-Paper, it may probably have some Truth in it, so Neighbour *Dabbie* you will excuse me, I will meet you within an Hour at the Coffee-house, and there we will confer farther.

SCENE

SCENE V. *Worthy's House.*

Worthy, Isabella.

Wor. Sure Modesty is quite banished from the Age we live in. There was a time when Virtue carried something of a divine Awe with it, which no one durst attack; but now the Insolence of our Youth is such, no Woman dare walk the Streets but those who do it for Bread.

Isa. And yet our Laws, Brother *Worthy*, are as rigorous as those of other Countries, and as well executed.

Wor. That I wish they were; but Golden Sands too often clog the Wheels of Justice, and obstruct her Course: The very Riches which were the greatest Evidence of his Villany, have too often declared the Guilty innocent; and Gold hath been found to cut a Halter surer than the sharpest Steel.

Isa. Well, I am resolved to take care how I venture a step again after it is dark: I find the Sun is the only Guard to us Women; for however chaste the Moon may be in her self, she takes but very little care of ours.

Wor. But could the Villain be very rude?

Isa. As rude as so short a time would permit. I would have given all I was worth in the World, to have been here; but since I escaped, let us forget it.

Wor. Forget! By Heaven it shocks me, that we who boast as wholesome Laws as any Kingdom upon Earth, should by the Roguery of some of their Executors lose all their Benefit. I long to see the time when here, as in *Holland*, the Traveller may walk unmolested, and carry his Riches openly with him.

SCENE VI. Worthy, Isabella, Squeezum.

Squeez. Mr. *Worthy*, your humble Servant. I come to wait on you on the strangest Piece of Business. We are brought to a fine Pass indeed, when Magistrates shall not be safe; we are like to protect others, when we cannot protect our selves.

Wor. What is the occasion of all this Passion, Mr. *Squeezum*?

Squeez. Occasion! I have scarce Power to tell you. I have discovered one of the most damnable Conspiracies, that hath been invented since the Gunpowder-Treason Plot.

Wor. Nothing against the Government, I hope.

Squeez. Marry, but it is; for that which is against the Officers of the Government, is against the Government. In short, Sir, it is a Conspiracy against me, against my self. What do you think, Brother *Worthy*, but that moved and seduced by the Instigation of the Devil, a vile Woman hath conspired to swear a Rape against me?

Wor. A Rape against you! foolish Jade! Why your very Face would acquit you — you have Innocence in your Looks, Brother *Squeezum*.

Squeez. I hope my Character will acquit me against such an Accusation.

Wor. I think it ought; a Man whose Character would not, is very unfit for that honourable Commission you bear.

Squeez. True! these Slurs reflect on us all. The accusing a Member, is accusing the Body. We should consider it may be our own case. We should stand by one another, as the Lawyers do. I hope, Brother, you will shew me extraordinary Justice; and I assure you, should any Affair of yours come before me, my Partiality shall lean on your side.

Wor. Partiality, Sir! I hope no Cause of mine will ever require it. I assure you, I shall do you the strictest Justice; I believe you will not need more.

Squeez.

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Squeez. Sir, my Case needs no more; but I think it incumbent on us all, to discountenance any Prosecution of our selves on any Account whatsoever.

Wor. To discountenance it by the Innocence of our Lives, is indeed laudable, but no farther. It is a cursed Law, which exempts the Maker, or the Executor of it, from its Penalty.

Squeez. Truly, Brother *Worthy*, I think the Makers of Laws, and the Executors of them, should be free of them; as Authors and Actors are free of the Play-house.

Wor. You are ludicrous, Mr. *Squeezum*. But let me tell you, he is the greatest of Villains, who hath the Impudence to hold the Sword of Justice, while he deserves its Edge.

Squeez. And let me tell you, Brother *Worthy*, he is the greatest of Fools, who holds the Sword of Justice, and hurts himself with it.

Isa. Brother, your Servant; my Presence will be very little necessary at this Tryal.

SCENE VII. *Worthy, Squeezum, Constant, Hilaret, Staff, Sotmore, Brazencourt, Fireball, three Assistants.*

Squeez. But here come the Prisoners——Brother *Worthy*, this is the Woman whom I accuse of this detestable Fact;——the Manner of it was this. I received a Letter in an unknown Hand, appointing me to meet at a Tavern, which out of pure Good-nature I comply'd with; and upon my Arrival found that Woman there alone, who after a short Discourse laid hold of me and bawl'd out, on which that Man there entered, and both threaten'd me, that unless I immediately discharged that Man [*points to Const.*] with another whom I had committed for notorious Crimes, that the Woman should swear a Rape against me——This I am ready to swear.——

1.

2. *Aff.*

} And we are ready to swear.

3.

Wor. What do you say, young Woman, to this? You do not look like one whom I should suspect of such a Behaviour.

Hil. That I did threaten him, as he says, indeed I confess.

Wor. But did he attempt any such thing?

Hil. I can't say he did, but ———

Squeez. Do you hear this, Brother *Worby*? I think you have nothing to do but to make her *Mittimus*.

Wor. And for what Reason did you offer this?

Hil. I offer'd it only to frighten him to the Discharge of two Gentlemen, whom he had villanously committed to the Custody of that Constable.

Wor. For what Crimes do they stand committed, Mr. Constable?

Staff. For two Rapes, an't please your Worship.

Hil. One of them on my Account ——— tho' I never swore the least thing against him.

Wor. On your Account, ——— I begin to be afraid he was unjustly committed indeed.

Squeez. Now Sir, we shall proceed to blacken a little the Character of this Woman. Call Mr. *Brazen-court*; Mr. *Brazen-court*, what do you know of this fine Lady?

Brazen. I know nothing more of her, than that I kept her half a Year.

Wor. Kept her! ——— in what Capacity did you keep her?

Brazen. In the Capacity of a Whore, till I was obliged to turn her off, for stealing four of my Shirts, two pair of Stockings, and my Common-prayer Book.

Squeez. Call Captain *Fireball*.

Wor. Captain *Fireball*, pray, do you know any Harm of that Person there?

Fire. Harm of her! ay, and so doth my Surgeon too. She came to me from Major *Brazen-court*. I kept her two Months.

Hil.

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Hil. Sir, I beseech you hear me.

Wor. By and by. You must not interrupt them — Go on. Did you lose any thing by her too?

Fire. No, but I got something by her, which made my Surgeon get something by me — I love to express my self in modest Terms, but I believe you all know what I mean.

Constant. Damnation!

Squeez. Call Mr. *Drury*. We shall blacken her farther presently.

Wor. Indeed, you need not; let us hear no more; for her sake, I will never put Confidence in an innocent Countenance again. — Well, Woman, can you say any thing for your self?

Hil. Oh! that I could hide my self for ever from the World, and never from this Hour behold the Sun again.

Wor. Indeed but you shall, Madam, and be beheld by others too.

Const. Come to my Bosom, thou dearest, sweetest, loveliest, hide thy Sorrows there — Death only shall tear thee from my Arms again. Death, Hell it self cannot have a Torment equal to seeing one Tear of thine.

Sot. Heark'e, Justice, I believe thou art honestest than thy Brother; I am sure thou canst not be a greater Rogue: If thou wilt act the right Part, acquit us, and send that Villain to Prison.

SCENE VIII. Worthy, Squeezum, Constant, Hilaret, Sotmore, Staff, *Constable*, *Assistants*, Politick, Faithful, Cloris.

Faith. Now, Sir, will you believe your own Eyes? — Is not that your own Daughter?

Pol. It is indeed. O my unfortunate Child —

Wor. Mr. *Politick*, your humble Servant — I will but commit this Woman to Goal, and then I will be at your Command.

Pol. Sir, you shall not be my humble Servant, nor will I be yours; and if you commit my Daughter to Prison, you are the worst of *Turks*.

Wor. Your Daughter, Sir?

Pol. Yes, Sir, my Daughter, Sir.

Hil. Oh! my Father!

Pol. My poor Child! ——— That ever I should live to see thee in such a Misfortune!

Wor. Is it possible, Mr. *Politick*, that this young Lady is your Daughter?

Pol. Yes, Sir, it is as possible, as that the *Turks* may come into our Part of *Europe*, and I wish this may not be as sure as that.

SCENE IX. *Worthy, Squeezum, Constant, Hilaret, Staff, Constables, Assistants, Politick, Faithful, Sotmore, Cloris, Ramble, Mrs. Squeezum, Quill.*

Mrs. Squeez. Where is this Glory of the Bench, this Gallant Justice? this Terror and Example of Sin? Do you know this Hand, Sir? Did you write this Assignment? You are a noble Gentleman truly, to make an Appointment with a fine Lady, and then bring her before a Magistrate.

Squeez. O my malignat Stars!

Wor. Mrs. *Squeezum*, what is the matter?

Mrs. Squeez. You Mr. *Worthy*, I am sure will pity one who hath the Misfortune to be married to a Man, who is as much a Scandal to the Commission he bears, as you are an Honour to it; my Conscience hath been too long burthened with conniving at his Rogueries. He, Sir, he alone is guilty, and every one whom he hath accused is innocent.

Wor. I know not what to think.

Ramb. Sir, that Fellow there, that Butcher of Justice, is the greatest Villain that ever was born ——— Being a little frolicksome last Night with this Lady, that Constable seiz'd us. 'Tis to me she is indebted for

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for all this Trouble; tho' Mr. Constable may claim some Share, in not suffering us to depart at her Desire.

Mrs. Squeez. And Mr. Justice may claim a little, who committed you to the Constable's House without any Evidence, or even Accusation.

Ramb. That he might extort two hundred Pounds, for which Sum he offered to compromise the Matter.

Squeez. Hark'e, Madam, I shall be obliged to commit you to *Bedlam*.

Mrs. Squeez. No, Sir, I shall prevent you in that, as well as in your other Designs; your Plot with Mr. *Quill*, which the whole World shall know; you shall be divorced, Sir, tho' not the Way you desire.

Squeez. Sir, I beseech you to hear no more.

Wor. That, Sir, I cannot grant.

Ramb. Sir, I desire that you would read that Letter, which he sent to this young Lady whom he hath accused.

Wor. [*Reads.*] 'My little Honey-suckle, I will meet you within this half Hour at the *Eagle*. I hope after what you have received from me to-day, you will not disappoint yours till then and ever after. —'

Did you write this Letter, Mr. *Squeezum*?

Squeez. No, Sir, as I am ready to swear.

Mrs. Squeez. Sir, I will swear it to be his Hand —

Faith. And so will I — I lived with him a Twelvemonth, and therefore should know it.

Quill. And I carried it to the Lady.

Sot. Come, come, Justice, thou hast Proof enough of her Innocence. I will give you the Word of a Man of Honour, which is more than the Oaths of twenty such Scoundrels as these, that she never intended more than to frighten him to the Acquittal of Captain *Constant* here, whom he had unjustly committed.

Const. And offered to acquit for a Sum of Money.

Wor. Captain *Constant*! is your Name *Constant*, Sir?

Const. At your Service.

Wor.

Wor. Desire my Sister to walk hither——I am more obliged to you than you know

Squeez. Come, Sir, this is only losing Time——I want the *Mistimus*.

SCENE X. Worthy, Squeezum, Ramble, Constant, Sotmore, Hilaret, Politick, *Mrs.* Squeezum, Quill, Staff, Faithful, &c. Isabella.

Wor. Sister, do you know this Gentleman?

Isa. Captain *Constant*! It is happy for me that I do——I thank you, Sir, for your generous Rescue last Night, which my Fright at that time prevented my acknowledging.

Const. And was it you, Madam?——

Ramb. My *Isabella*!

Isa. Ha!——it is, it is my *Ramble*——

Ramb. My Touch deceives me not, it is my charming *She*, once more restored to my despairing Hopes.

Isa. What lucky Stars can have contrived this Interview?

Ramb. Very lucky Stars they appear now, but they had a confounded ugly Aspect some time ago.

Isa. Surprizing! Brother, let that Fellow be secured. He was the Person from whose Hands this Gentleman delivered me. [To Fireball.

Quill. I hope your Worship will forgive me, but I hir'd these two Men, by my Master's Command, to be Evidences for him.

Wor. Surprizing Villany!——secure them instantly. And particularly that Justice,——whom I shall no longer treat as a Gentleman, but as his Villany hath merited——Constable, I charge you with them all---and let them be kept below in the Parlour, whither I will come immediately and sign their Commitment.

Squeez. Sir, you shall wish you had dealt more favourably with me.

Wor. Sir, your Threatnings will not terrifie me.

Faith.

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Faith. Come, Gentlemen, we'll be your Safe-guard.

Mrs. Squeez. I'll follow thee, like thy evil Genius, till I have brought thee to that Justice thou deservest.

SCENE the Last. Worthy, Ramble, Con-
ant, Sotmore, Hilaret, Isabella, Politick.

Ramb. My dear *Isabella*, I am so overjoyed at this unexpected Meeting, that I do not ask for the Safety of our Treasure. Since the Sea hath refunded *Isabella*, let it take the Jewels.

Isa. The Sea hath been even kinder than your Wish, it hath return'd you both.

Ramb. I should have soon forgotten that *Loss*, in having *Isabella*; yet for her sake, the Treasure is welcome too.

Wor. Mr. *Politick*, I am heartily concerned at this Misfortune which hath befallen your Daughter.

Ramb. Mr. *Politick*! ——— By Heavens, his Features are the same. Had you not a Son, Sir, once?

Pol. Yes, Sir, I had; but I turn'd him out of Doors, and believe he was hanged long ago.

Ramb. Then I am his Ghost, just arrived from the *Indies*. When you turn'd me out of Doors, I got admitted into the *East-India Company's* Service; I changed my Name in order to escape your Discovery — and I hope you will now give us both your Blessing.

Pol. And are you really that wild Fellow my Son?

Ramb. I am that very identical wild Person, I assure you.

Pol. I don't know whether I'll give you my Blessing or no, till I see how you are married.

Wor. Mr. *Politick*, I rejoice in the Union of our Families; this Lady, your Son's Wife, is my Sister — and if fourscore thousand Pounds can make the Match agreeable to you, it will be so.

Pol.

Pol. Hath the wild Rogue made his Fortune at last! Well, Son, I give you my Blessing, and my dear Daughter I give you Joy, and I hope the Boy will give it you, ay, and lasting constant Joy ——— If he doth not make you a good Husband, I'll not own him; if he doth not make you blessed, he shall have no Blessing of mine.

Isa. Sir, I doubt him not.

Ramb. Well, Father, I have nothing more to ask of you, but in Favour of my Friend Captain *Constant*, whose Love I am certain will compleat the Happiness of my Sister.

Wor. I think I have never been witness to such a Complication of Villany. Sir, [*to Constant*] I assure you, and all of you, you shall have sufficient Reparation for the Injuries you have suffer'd. And Sir, by the Characters which I have had from my Sister of that Gentleman, I do not think your Daughter can be better disposed of, let the Difference of Fortune be what it please.

Ramb. Besides, tho' his Estate be not equal now, it may become so; for no Man hath a better Insight into Politicks.

Pol. Nay, if his Studies bend that Way, no Man indeed can tell to what his Estate may come ——— Had I known this sooner, my Doors should never have been shut against him. Sir, I shall be glad to confabulate with you at my House — and if you should set your Heart on my Daughter, I do not believe I shall do any thing to break it.

Ramb. Nay, Sir, there is no Hour like the Present: This Hour hath proved lucky to your Family ——— Give me leave to present your Daughter to one whom if she deserves, I shall be proud of calling her Sister.

Const. *Ramble*, you have crown'd my Obligations with a Gift, far dearer than the Earth could prove.

Hil. I only wish you may always think so, Captain. And now, Pappa, I hope you will pardon this Night's Sally, to both me and poor *Cloris*; we have been already

ready

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ready sufficiently punished; and since the Event is happy, imitate in this one thing the *Turks*, and consider it favourably, as it hath been prosperous.

Pol. The *Turks*! I wish you were better acquainted with them than in Romances; I hope that Gentleman will take care to instruct you in publick Affairs.—Well *Jack* [*to Ramble*] I long to have some Communication with you about the Affairs of the *Indies*, and the Posture of our Trade there—I hope you left the *Great Mogul* in good Health—

Ramb. Very slightly indisposed of a Cold at my Departure.

Pol. I heartily forgive you all: So let me see you all embrace one another—This is the Comfort of Age, Mr. *Worthy*.

Sot. Let me embrace you all together—I have found this Day two good Women—and they have fallen to the Share of my Friends—and I will get drunk this Night, if the Spirit of Wine will do it—I'll drink to your Happiness, while you are enjoying it—While you are tasting the Joys of *Venus*, I will swallow down the Delights of *Bacchus*—I despair of either of your Company this Month yet—but the Justice shall celebrate this Night with me—Come, honest Justice—I have found one honest Justice too—

Wor. Really, Sir, I think you have sufficiently celebrated already—

Sot. No, but I have not—and you, Sir, will be drunk at your Children's Wedding-Night.

Pol. I never drink any thing but Coffee, Sir.

Sot. Damn your Coffee—

Ramb. Sotmore, thou shalt have Justice—
Mr. *Worthy*, I assure you, notwithstanding this Humour, the World hath not an honefter Man.

Wor. It is pity he should besot himself so. Your Character of him encourages me to employ some Labour in advising him, to quit so beastly a Pleasure.—Come Gentlemen, I desire you would celebrate this Day at my House to-morrow. I will proceed to take
all

all possible Measures to your receiving Satisfaction for your Injuries, and making publick Example of so great a Villain: for the Crimes of a Magistrate give the greatest Sanction to Sin.

No Reverence that Church or State attends,
Whose Laws the Priest or Magistrate offends.

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